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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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MILITARY EXECUTION AT CAMP CHASE.

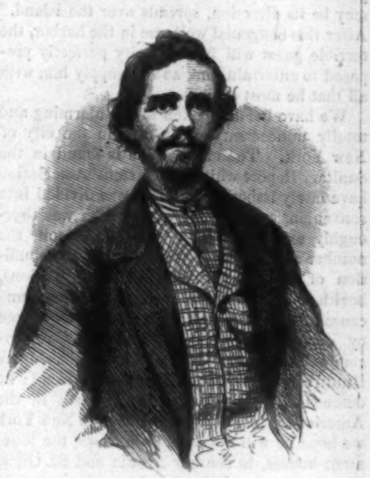
On the 6th of September Camp Chase was, for the first time in its history, the scene of a military execution. On that day, in accordance with the findings and sentence of the Military Commission so long in session at Cambridge, approved by Major-General Ord, Commander of this Department, Hiram Oliver and John Wesley Hartup were hung for the murder of J. B. Cook, Provost Marshal of the Seventeenth District. The two men were removed to Camp Chase from Cambridge August 30, their sentence not having been made public, and they apparently laboring under the impression that the punishment was to be light.

The impression was, however, rudely dispelled by the information suddenly imparted to the prisoners on the 5th that the next day they must undergo the death penalty. The effect of the announcement upon the prisoners can not be easily imagined, much less described. Oliver was disposed at first to treat the matter coolly, merely remarking that it was rough, but on meeting with his wife, who had been in camp since Friday, he gave way to most violent demonstrations of grief. Hartup was much affected, and was much depressed from the moment he heard his sentence.

Hiram Oliver was born in Washington, Jefferson County, Ohio, and resided there until about three years ago, when he enlisted in the Forty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteers. In July last he claims to have been discharged, moved with his family to Illinois, and engaged in farming. He has a wife and two children—rather a pretty little girl of four years of age, and a little boy aged about seven months. He was about twenty-four years of age, was of medium size, and had rather good though rather weak features.

Mr. John Wesley Hartup, the brother of Mrs. Oliver, is about the same age as his brother-in-law, was born in the same county, belonged to the same regiment, and for some years lived with the Olivers. He and Oliver bought farms adjoining each other in Illinois; left that State about the same time, for some purpose not made plain, and came together to Ohio. They were arrested in March last, and in June Mrs. Oliver left her Illinois home and came to her father's near Bloomfield, Ohio.

The scene of the parting of Oliver from his family was affecting in the extreme. Oliver confessed to the murder. He had killed Cook because he thought the latter would come to Illinois and arrest him. He insisted that Hartup was innocent, though the latter admitted that he was an accessory. Both seemed penitent at the last hour. They were conducted to the scaffold, and at twenty minutes past one o'clock ascended the platform, when, after a brief address on the part of each, the execution took place.



HIRAM OLIVER.—[Phot. by E. S. Walker.]

JOHN W. HARTUP.—[Phot. by E. S. Walker.]

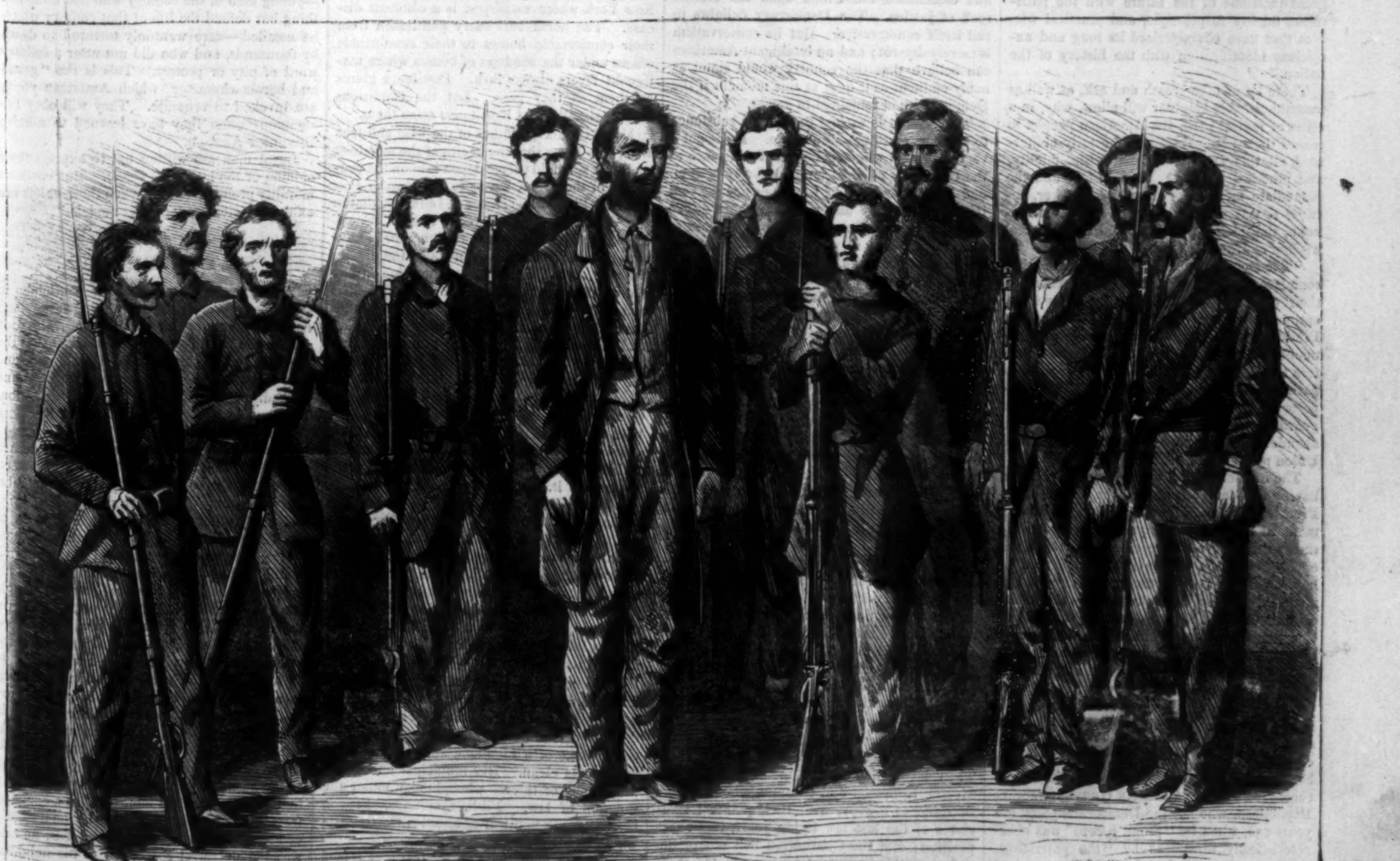
CHAMP FERGUSON.

Among the guerrillas who infested Kentucky during the war Champ Ferguson and his men were the most notorious. Their outrages were chiefly confined to Wayne and Clinton Counties. Champ Ferguson himself is quite a character, though the bloodiest of rascals and murderers. His religious notions are, to say the least, rather queer. Whether he takes a hint from Theodore Parker, who used to call God "our Father and Mother," is uncertain, but Champ is in the habit of speaking of the Father of All as "the Old Man." He, in a recent interview with the editor of a Western paper, expressed his opinion that "the Old Man" had been on his side thus far in life, and he believed he would stay with him and bring him out of his present trouble all right. He thought the Campbellites were about as good as any of the religious denominations, and a little better.

Champ Ferguson is now being tried at Nashville by a court-martial on the charge of committing murders and other acts in violation of the laws of war. The verdict has not yet been given, but there is no doubt that he will be punished with death for his many atrocities. Before the war he was arrested for the murder of Read, the constable, and confined in jail. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was released on his pledge to join the rebels. He claims that he had been previously a Union man. He then commenced his career of murder and robbery which made his name a terror in Kentucky. He acted under the orders of John Morgan until the latter made his raid into Ohio. He was with Morgan in most of his raids in Kentucky and Tennessee. He surrendered at the close of the war, supposing that he would be let off with the oath of allegiance. Champ owns a considerable amount of land in Clinton County, Kentucky, estimated by the hundreds of acres. He has good reason for the wish, which he now expresses, "that there had never been any war."

THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.

The graphic but by no means extravagant illustration which we publish on page 600 scarcely needs any word of comment or explanation. During the present year Death appears to have set his mark upon the traveler, whether he journeys by railway or by the steamboat. Every day the record of mortality is continued from the day before, being only diversified in the manner of its occurrence. Now it is a collision, on the railroad or upon the



CHAMP FERGUSON AND HIS GUARD.—[Photographed by C. C. Hughes, Nashville, Tennessee.]

lake; now it is a fire at sea; now the explosion of a locomotive, and then again the sudden precipitation of an entire train down a steep embankment and perhaps into some river. There has come to be a general feeling of insecurity and distrust, and every man or woman who steps out of a railway car or steamboat at the termination of their journey unhurt does so with a feeling of sensible relief. It is a fact that more lives have been lost by accident this year than in some of the severest battles of the war. It would have taken a heavy battle to have sent to the darkness of death the fifteen hundred soldiers so easily dispatched thitherward by the explosion of the *Sultana*. In most every case the disaster has been needless; it has arisen from carelessness in conductors, employés, and directors, who should in every such case be responsible for the murders committed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 23, 1865.

THE ALBANY CONVENTION.

When King Canute found that the sea would not retire at his bidding he arose and withdrew. When Mohammed discovered that the mountain would not come to him he went to the mountain. The Democracy of the State of New York have just followed in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessors. For years it has been sitting upon the shore bidding the humanity and honor and decency of the American people retire. And now that its ridiculous command is lost in the roar of the rising ocean of liberty and justice, it confesses that the tide has risen. Having encouraged traitors and stimulated civil war, it exhausted every method of perplexing the Government and disheartening the people, and on the eve of the final and universal national triumph it exultingly declared the war a failure and national ruin inevitable. The American people, insulted and indignant, with one hand overwhelmed the enemy in the field, and with the other utterly annihilated at the polls the whole line of the Democracy.

After a year of consternation its stunned and straggling columns begin to stir. But as if to show its total rout, at one point it proposes to reorganize upon its old basis. In Ohio it asserts the very doctrines which the country has denied in the victorious field. It moans in Pennsylvania that if its counsels had been heeded it would be still alive. But in New York—*ma, en Hispania!*—with the perfection of comedy it resolves that "its past history is to be found in the proudest records of the country," especially in the chapter entitled "The Chicago Platform;" and "that it is ready to meet the great questions of the future with the patriotism, fidelity to principle, and practical wisdom that have characterized its long and auspicious identification with the history of the nation."

There let us take breath and ask, as well as inextinguishable laughter will allow, why, in a crisis of mortal peril, the American people, to secure their national salvation, utterly obliterated all this Democratic patriotism, fidelity, and practical wisdom? And history and the immediate memory of the people answer, because it was the patriotism of Benedict Arnold, the fidelity of Judas, and the practical wisdom of Horatio Seymour.

"The Democracy" of New York having thus complacently referred to the proud record of their contemptuous rejection by the people, enthusiastically resolve to support cordially a President whom they are still hoarse with denouncing as a renegade and traitor; whose election they deplored as a national disgrace, comparing him to the horse whom the Roman emperor made consul; and, finally, this Pretorian guard of slavery gravely announce that the abandonment of slavery makes peace and Union possible.

The builders of last year's Chicago platform having thus bolted it whole; the revilers of the President having declared their sincere attachment to him; the lackeys of slavery having thus grinned over its corpse; and the bitter opponents of the war having duly cheered its happy and beneficent consequences; "the Democracy" of New York proceed, by the mouth of John A. Green, one of the most notorious Copperhead opponents of the war in the State, to nominate General Slocum, a Republican, a distinguished and honored soldier, and the military Governor of Mississippi, who has just suppressed the "civil" Governor's authority. His unanimous selection is followed by that of Lucius Robinson, another Republican, and one of the most honest and faithful officers the State ever had; and his nomination in turn is succeeded by that of Martin Grover, another Republican, who left the Democratic party ten years ago, when its "proud record" was characteristically illustrated by "the patriotism, fidelity, and practical wisdom" of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

Thus poor old King Canute yields to the ocean which he can not command. Thus those who have systematically betrayed the principle of the Government surrender for the time to those who, under whatever name, have inexorably maintained it. Thus the party which has thwarted progressive civilization in America eats its own words, abjures its own acts, turns one complete somersault, and its late face disappears.

The success of the Albany ticket, therefore, has in itself no particular political significance. The State could not have a better Controller than Mr. Robinson, nor a more incorruptible Judge than Mr. Grover; and General Slocum has proved his efficiency in one field and would doubtless not be wanting in another. But there are some considerations worthy attention.

The anti-American spirit which has so long dominated the Democratic party still survives in the country. Its associations are all with the name Democracy. The organization of the party remains; and although its leaders temporarily desert their reactionary and natural ground, they are still the same, and the irresistible tendency of human nature will compel them to reoccupy it at the earliest practicable moment. That profound faith in the moral righteousness and political wisdom of fair play for all men, which is the mainspring of progressive American civilization, will never, under any probable circumstances, be found in the Democratic party, but in its antagonists. In every country there is a constant tendency to intelligent progress and an opposition to it. This makes the eternal Tory and Liberal parties of all civilized nations; and the American Democracy is the American Tory party. It is useless to say that it was not formerly so, or that it ought not now to be so. We must deal with facts. The true party of the people in this country might have been called the Democracy, but the opportunity was lost. The name was surrendered, and the organization is not in the hands of those who sincerely love liberty, and in no other hands can the party of progressive liberty be safe.

The ignorance and prejudice of the country, the rabble of cities, and the aristocrats in feeling, all gravitate to the party known as the Democracy. The intelligence, the industry, the steady, elevated purpose of the country, gravitate to the opposition. There are unprincipled and corrupt men in all parties; but the character of parties themselves is radically different. Thus the great eras of true progress in this country have been those in which the Democratic policy was overthrown. To the Democracy we owe, in late years, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the efforts of slavery to perpetuate itself, the Dred Scott decision, the vitality of State sovereignty, and the armed insurrection of slavery against a free Government. To the opposition, under whatever name, Free-soil, Republican, or Union, we owe the education of the public mind and conscience which has produced emancipation and established the Union upon the eternal rock of justice. The Democracy delights to call itself conservative. But its conservatism is merely dry-rot; and no intelligent American can believe that the country would stand as nobly eminent as it does at this moment if the Democracy had remained in power.

Therefore it is useless to sacrifice substance to shadow, or to bewail a name. He is not a very wise man who supposes that resistance to the true spirit of constitutional liberty is at an end in this country, or who does not see that it will again rally under its old name. The temporary shifts of a party in order to gain or retain power may vary, but its permanent policy must be the same. "There are few statesmen so clumsy and awkward in their business," says Burke, "as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." The inevitable tendencies of human nature are stronger than men; and he is not a wise friend of liberty or his country who helps to put in power those who have betrayed both because for a while they hide their hands. The course of the New York Democracy at Chicago in 1864 and at Albany in 1865 is absolutely different. But the party will still be the nucleus of the reaction. Its face is turned, but its heart can not be changed. A ship now tacks before a head-wind to the right, now to the left, but it is still the same ship pursuing the same voyage.

The duty of the Syracuse Convention is therefore plain. Let it declare distinctly the cardinal American doctrine of equal human rights; state the course which it believes to be necessary to secure the real results achieved by the war; insist, as the President said to the South Carolina delegation, that the reconstruction policy pursued by the Government is but an experiment, and earnestly resolve, with General Logan, in his late Illinois speech, that "as long as there is any hope of its success we must yield a hearty support to the President." Then let it nominate General Slocum and Messrs. Robinson and Grover, whom we understand to occupy, with their political associates of the last few trying years, this exact position; and the Convention will secure the defeat at this important juncture of the reactionary party which is striving to regain power through the personal popularity of candidates whom, for that purpose, it selects from its opponents. Such a course will strip off all masks and compel a reorganization of parties upon real grounds, which it was the chief object of the Albany Convention to avoid.

THE CHOLERA.

The recently published Sanitary Report of the Citizens' Association in this city, and the accounts in the newspapers of the gradual westward movement of the cholera, are very instructive and suggestive reading. The study will be complete if the reader adds the Report of Dr. Swinburne, the Health Officer of the port, upon the condition of the city docks and slips. From these authorities it appears that the modern plague is slowly and surely stealing toward us: that the harbor of the chief port in the country, the point at which the cholera would naturally first touch, is full of "rank pestilence." The matter emptied into the slips "is composed of the privy deposits conveyed through the house-sewers, and of the wastings of earthy matters and garbage from the street-gutters......In summer, at low tide, this filth lies frothing, like yeast—setting free, in the process of decomposition, combined offensive and pernicious gases and insupportable odors to permeate the air, which every breeze, whatever may be its direction, spreads over the island." After this congenial welcome in the harbor, the terrible guest will find the city perfectly prepared to entertain him, and to supply him with all that he most desires.

We have before spoken of the alarming and totally unnecessary death-rate in the city of New York. The explanation is found in the Sanitary Report which the Citizens' Association have lately issued. The city was divided into convenient sanitary districts. Each was thoroughly explored. The state of the soil, the number and character of the houses, the condition of their inhabitants, their occupations, health, and habits, the variety, character, and cause of their diseases, were all carefully noted by competent inspectors, and their reports compose the book. It is a ghastly tale. John Bright is our faithful and honored friend: he defends America because he believes in the American principle. If he comes to New York we hope he will not fail to ask to see the tenement-houses, to see our Alsatia and St. Giles, that he may know how surely a disregard of that principle produces in New York the exact results it produces in London.

Mr. Brace, whose long service among the poor is his highest honor, and authorizes him to speak with authority, writes from London to the New York *Times* that the condition of the worst parts of that city differs from that of the worst parts of New York in extent only, not in degree. The squalor, the suffering, the starvation, the horrible diseases, the brutishness and crime of corresponding quarters are greater only because the number of inhabitants is larger. And those quarters are the hot-houses of pestilence. There are parts of the city of New York where small-pox is a constant disease. The horse-cars carry gentlemen from their comfortable homes to their comfortable offices under the windows of houses where malignant fevers always lurk. Pestilence glares at them as they pass. Let the conditions change slightly, and it will also seize them.

Mr. Halliday, another of the wise and true men, who knew that the health of the stateliest and most splendid palace depends upon the condition of the cellar, writes to the *Evening Post* from the Five Points House of Industry, that in the desolating cholera year, 1832, Corlaers' Hook, the Five Points, and Rotten Row in Laurens Street, were "places in which the disease ran riot......In Laurens Street they died off like sheep. In one two-story tenement and attic house sixteen or seventeen died." He truly adds that "Rotten Rows are now all over New York," and declares his sincere belief that nearly one-half of the permanent resident population of the city are living in such a state that cholera would now be as fatal among them as it was then in the special quarters he mentions. In 1832 the cholera produced a general panic. It was imperfectly understood. It was superstitiously feared. The city had made no preparation for it. Many physicians and clergymen fled. Business generally stopped. The public schools were sometimes used for hospitals. Yet the population was then only about three hundred and fifty thousand: it is now eight hundred thousand. The poorer class was then largely American: it is now mainly foreign. At least one-half, if not two-thirds of the people then left the city: now it is impossible for any corresponding proportion of the inhabitants to escape.

The cholera would smite New York more fearfully than the plague smote old Florence six hundred years ago; and what is New York doing to defend herself? Every year she raises the revenue of a kingdom, and can not keep her streets clean. Her municipal authorities are a band of thieves who plunder under the sanction of law. Filth, ignorance, disease, bestiality, are political necessities for those in whose hands the luckless city lies. Clean the streets, ventilate the houses, wash and feed the squalid population upon which the greedy eyes of the cholera are already fixed from over the sea, and the men who now thrive by the ignorance and brutality of the tenement-houses would be spewed out. It is not to be expected that they will adopt any efficient measures for the public safety. You might as well appeal to the dirty marble blocks of the City Hall as to the men who sit there in authority. When the cholera comes, and stops business, and starves the poor, and depopulates the city, we shall have another awful proof of the inexorable relation of public morality and public safety.

If any thing is to be effectually done to prepare for the cholera it will be by private enterprise, and the sooner it begins the better.

A "PERFECT MODEL."

General Lee has accepted the Presidency of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia. In his letter of acceptance he says very properly: "It is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object," and "that it is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set an example of submission to authority."

These are very proper, if not very striking or original, sentiments. But a John W. Brockenbrough, rector of Washington College, in publishing the fact of General Lee's acceptance, indulges in some extremely ridiculous flourishes. This gentleman speaks with ecstasy of General Lee, but not in his capacity of President, as "our beloved chief," whose condescension in accepting so comparatively humble a position "wins for him a new title to the admiration and love of his countrymen." Will Mr. John W. Brockenbrough kindly mention General Lee's "old" titles to the national affection?

The enthusiastic rector perorates in the following manner: "In dedicating his future life to the holy work of educating the youth of his country General Lee presents a new and interesting phase of his grand and heroic character—a character than which no more perfect model exists among living men. 'Tis a solid fabric, and will well support the laurels that adorn it.' Let the young men of the country, North as well as South, be wise and profit not less by his precepts than by his great example."

Truth, rhetoric, and patriotism are equally cheap, it seems, at Washington College. It is not our fault that the career of Robert E. Lee is thus offensively dragged before the young men of America; but it would be our fault and shame if we did not say to them that the man whom they are thus challenged to admire and imitate was a soldier educated by his country, who, confessing that neither he nor any man had any provocation, drew his sword to stab her to the heart. He was a generalissimo who knew that honorable prisoners within his lines—young men of the country who had done nothing but defend the life of that country which he assailed—were wantonly tortured to death by thousands, and who did not utter a solitary word of pity or protest. This is the "grand and heroic character" which American youth are invoked to venerate. They will obey the summons when they have learned to admire Benedict Arnold.

Loyal men are willing not to express their opinion of the late rebel chiefs. But common morality prohibits silence when those chiefs are exultingly cited as "perfect models."

STATE AND NATION.

A great many well-meaning gentlemen in the unorganized States are writing letters and making speeches to prove that those who took part in the rebellion honestly believed that the single States of this Union are sovereign, and that therefore they did not deliberately and wickedly violate their obligations to the Union. It was, they contend, the universal Southern theory of our Government.

So far as the present generation is concerned we believe that these gentlemen are correct, and that is the very difficulty. It is undoubtedly true that Washington and Marshall, and many other of the noblest Americans of the last century, who lived in the Southern States, were as truly persuaded of the enormity and peril of the doctrine of State sovereignty as the stanchest loyal men of to-day throughout the country. But Calhoun, and not Washington, has been the modern political prophet in those States. An intelligent and noted rebel officer, who was never north of Mason and Dixon's line until he was brought as a prisoner, told us that he had no more doubt of the right of a State to secede than he had of his right to eat dinner, and that the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand men to compel obedience to the authority of the United States seemed to him as incredible and monstrous as a summons from Louis Napoleon to enforce the authority of France in this country. And this, he said, was the universal conviction of his neighborhood in the Southwest.

That there were some who held to the paramount National sovereignty is doubtless true. But that they were not an imposing number is plain from the total absence of any vigorous protest against the rebellion. It is no answer to say that terror silenced them; that Union

men were watched, and not suffered to assemble nor to vote. If the Union men had been a powerful body they would have assembled and voted and resisted. Could the Copperheads have dragooned the Northern States? Certainly not; for the whole moral force and vast majority of the population were loyal. The rebels did dragoon and silence the Southern States, because the vast weight of opinion as well as actual numbers of the white population were with them.

That population, as every well-informed man knows, had been long and systematically alienated from the Union. They were proud of being Virginians, Carolinians, Georgians, not of being Americans. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was called a Union man. So he was, as long as he thought his section could control the Union to its own sectional purposes. It was a Union subordinate to State sovereignty which he supported. It was a Union whose Government had no right to enforce its authority against any citizen of the United States, if the State in which he lived released him from his allegiance. It was this universal conviction alone that enabled the rebellion to endure so long and so desperately.

Has the war changed this view? Do the people of the disaffected States hold any other theory of the Union? Is it a real Union that we reorganize if they do not? If we sincerely wish a solid and true reorganization shall we not seek to found it upon all those of the Southern population who reject this theory? Can we wisely discard an entire native class, in some States more than half the population, who have been always faithful to the national supremacy, and trust the welfare of the country entirely to those who, for any reason whatever, are willing to take an oath? Mr. HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, of Georgia, for instance, has taken the oath of allegiance, and has been pardoned. Yet his loud assertions of his old, unchanged sentiments in Washington, since his oath, were so offensive that a loyal citizen silenced him with a threat of personal castigation if he did not stop. Mr. JOHNSON is doubtless a fair illustration of men who take the oath without any change of heart. Is he the kind of Representative or Senator from Georgia that it is desirable to see in Congress? If he, and such as he, are intrusted by the loyal citizens of the United States, who are soon to decide the question, with the entire local government of the State of Georgia, to the absolute exclusion of the unswervingly loyal part of the State population whom Mr. JOHNSON and his friends could neither cajole nor frighten into rebellion, do we not show a subservience to the doctrine of State power which is as dangerous as it is absurd?

Every loyal citizen of the United States has rights in the State of Georgia which he is a very foolish man if he surrenders unconditionally to Mr. HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON and his friends.

BRITISH CAPITAL ON THE WING.

A PARTY of British capitalists and railway men, comprising Sir MORTON PETO, Mr. KINNAIRD, Engineer KENNARD, JAMES M'HENRY, and eighteen others nearly as well known in financial and industrial circles, arrived here a fortnight since, and have been improving the time by inspecting our great broad gauge line, consisting of the Erie Railway, from New York to Salamanca, the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, from Salamanca to Cincinnati, and the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis—a line of road which, though trammeled by the vices of its early construction, and impaired in its usefulness by the want of a consolidated management and a large and sound administration, is still, in view of the extent and fruitfulness of the country it traverses, the great cities it feeds, and the almost incalculable volume of traffic it must at no distant day prepare to accommodate, by far the greatest railroad in the world.

It is well understood that the first object of these Englishmen is to inspect the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, which is exclusively owned by them and their constituents. That important line has been built since the panic of 1857—which effectually stopped railway building elsewhere—with British and Spanish capital. The Queen Mother of Spain, the Spanish Duke of RIANZARES, and the Spanish banker SALAMANCA, have been interested in the enterprise from the beginning, and have supplied means freely. But the greater part of the money required to build this road came from London, and was contributed, not unfrequently, in our very darkest days; at times when every mail from the United States bore tidings of failure and repudiation; at times of monetary stringency and panic; at times when rebellion seemed to threaten the very existence of the nation, and to forebode the ruin of the Government and of every corporate institution which lived under its laws. In those dark, dark days, when every prudent American capitalist held his money tight under lock and key, and would not invest a dollar in the fairest looking enterprise, these Spaniards and these Englishmen, for month after month, and year after year, paid the weekly bills of the workmen laboring on the Atlantic and Great Western without a murmur, and, if they made a complaint, complained only that the bills were not heavier, the workmen not more numerous, and the great enterprise not nearer completion. Such a robust faith, such a dogged perseverance commend themselves to the applause of an enlightened mercantile community, and deserve the reward which the twenty-two English visitors now among us have come to forecast.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that so large and influential a delegation from the fraternity of London capitalists and railway men have come here merely to look over the particular property on which so much English money has been expended. It has rightly been conjectured that their visit has a wider purpose. The war, which has taught Englishmen more about the United States than they ever knew before, has quickened the apprehension of British capitalists to opportunities for the lucrative investment of capital in the United States. There are in England thousands of men who live on the interest of inherited or acquired capital, and to whom an increase of even one per cent. in the rate of interest on their capital, with equal security, would be of vast importance. These men are generally receiving, on the average, four per cent. per annum. The owner of £20,000 gets £800 a year; the owner of £50,000, £2000; of £100,000, £4000 a year. Vague rumors have lately reached the ear of this class of men to the effect that by investing in the United States instead of Great Britain they can get six, if not seven, per cent. for their money. If they got six, the £20,000 man would receive an income of £1200 instead of £800; the £50,000 man an income of £3000 instead of £2000; the £100,000 man an income of £6000 instead of £4000. The increase would convert bare existence into comfort; mere comfort into affluence. The only question among these men is, whether American investments offer, with increased income, equal security with British investments. That question the twenty-two Englishmen now traveling over our railroads are preparing to answer.

If they shall find that, on the whole, the prospects of business in the United States during the next half century are as promising as those of business in England—that population is likely to increase here as rapidly as there—that industry and internal commerce are being developed as rapidly here as there—that the standard of honor is as high here as there, and there is as little chance of our older communities repudiating their debts or engaging in senseless wars as of England doing the like—that the general tendency of society in the United States, as in England, is toward improvement, and toward the development as well of physical resources as of moral nature—if, we say, these twenty-two Englishmen shall find these things to be so, they have no choice but to go back to England and tell their constituents to send us their money.

The prospect is of consequence to our railroad interest. Of $1,100,000,000 invested in railroads in the Northern States (it is noteworthy that Europeans never would buy bonds or stock in railroads in Southern States), Europeans already hold at least $150,000,000. They own the bonds and a large proportion of the stock of the Reading Railroad, which pays from 15 to 20 per cent. per annum. They own the bonds and most of the stock in the Illinois Central, a line the like of which does not exist in all Europe. They own a large proportion of the bonds and half the stock of the Erie Railway. They own all the bonds and stock of the Atlantic and Great Western. They own most of the bonds of the Fort Wayne and Chicago, of the Pennsylvania Central, of the Milwaukie and Prairie du Chien, of the Michigan Central, and of other Western roads. They own nearly all the Panama Road, stock and bonds. If, in addition to the above, fifty million pounds sterling or more—and, as we are led to believe, a sum even larger than this will be influenced by the report of our English visitors—should seek investment in our railway securities, quite striking results would ensue in our markets.

There is a marked difference between European investment and American investment. It has been said of us by a caustic observer that there does not live an American who would not sell his homestead for five per cent. advance on its cost. False as this quip is, it is undoubted that we are an ever-trading people, and that, in or out of business, men are generally ready to exchange their most permanent investments when a profit offers. The English are not so. When they make an investment, they mean it. If the market value of the investment rises, they do not sell, as we should do, but hold the more firmly, and rather increase than diminish their interest. This difference led, a few months since, to an amusing imbroglio on our stock exchange.

It became known that Illinois Central was wanted in England, and that considerable parcels of the stock were going out by each steamer. On this a speculation was started in our markets, and the price of the stock rose ten to fifteen per cent. Some of our foreign bankers, wise in their day and generation, and well versed in the trade called in German *arbitration*, sold Illinois Central here on long options, and sent to London to buy the stock. They argued that, the advance in our market being the fruit of mere local speculation, the price abroad would not advance in proportion, and that they would be able to cover their contracts at a handsome profit. To their astonishment their London agents reported that, though certainly large quantities of Illinois Central had arrived in England by recent steamers, *there was little or none for sale*. The people who had ordered it wanted to keep it. They had bought for investment. It was not their purpose to sell out again even at a profit. So, after creating quite a flurry in the London and Amsterdam markets, in the vain endeavor to buy large quantities of stock, these New York bankers were forced to buy back the stock they had sold in the same market in which they had sold it, at a loss which we dare say they can remember without recourse to their books. The stock rose thirty per cent. in sixty days.

Now if any of our country readers, meditating on these facts, should come to the conclusion that our sweet friends in England, who would not touch Five-Twenties at 35 @ 40, now intend to buy our railway securities at the market price, and should, on the strength of this conclusion, proceed to speculate for the rise in these securities on borrowed capital, let them not blame us if they lose their time and their money. For Wall Street is thick with quicksands, and each of them is girt around with the whitened bones of defunct country speculators. There are gaping for the unwary speculator a thousand pitfalls which wisdom and shrewdness can not always foresee: defalcations, over-issues of stock, sudden attacks of colic in the midriff of the money market, unexpected failures of great houses, amazing changes of policy by the Treasury department. All these portend ruin to him who speculates on borrowed capital. Your theory may be sound, and your opinion of the course of events correct; but the end will not come when expected, and for you to whom its coming at this or that given time is essential, it will never come at all.

CRIMINALS IN SOCIETY.

IN his speech to the electors of Westminster just before the election Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, alluding to the shameless bribery practiced at English elections, said: "It is vain to hope that men will be shamed out of these things as long as they are not cut in society." It is precisely so with the officers of railroads in this country. As long as the most wanton and cruel murders may be committed upon roads for whose safety they are finally responsible, and they are not criminally indicted, but are treated with the same courtesy and consideration as before, so long the slaughters will continue, and a sagacious man will make his will before he starts upon the shortest railroad journey.

If Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR or any other conspicuous citizen were the proprietor of a line of omnibuses in the city, and every day the horses ran away, or the wheels came off, or there were constant collisions, or the coaches were upset, and men, women, and children were continually mangled and massacred, the popular indignation with the proprietor would be such that his house and his person would be hardly safe, and all who maintained friendly social intercourse with him would be properly odious to public censure. For the common sense of the community would assume it that the proprietor could put an end to the carnage if he chose, and if he did not choose that he was a proper subject for legal prosecution and criminal punishment, and that honest men do not cultivate the society of criminals.

Here is the case of Mr. OLIVER CHARLICK, President of the Long Island Railroad. The most wicked recklessness led to a deplorable catastrophe. The inquest was held, and, fortunately for us all, instead of a verdict of "nobody to blame," or "visitation of God," the jury returned that they "do hereby censure OLIVER CHARLICK, the President of the railroad, for the careless and irregular manner in which the trains are run, and consider that he is indirectly responsible for the above-mentioned catastrophe." That is the mildest verdict that the plain facts of the case, and especially OLIVER CHARLICK'S testimony, allowed.

But now suppose that OLIVER CHARLICK had a house full of guests, and a staircase fell by which five of them were killed, and upon the investigation CHARLICK were censured for his culpable carelessness in permitting his house to be in so perilous a state, would any honorable man hasten to offer OLIVER CHARLICK his hand? Would he not first say, "Wash off that blood?"

When that is the attitude of society toward such offenders, when people are made to understand that criminal carelessness is no more respectable in "gentlemen" than it is in the poorest laborer, and that OLIVER CHARLICK is more directly responsible for the bloodshed of that fearful moment upon the Long Island Road than the poor switch-tender upon the Hudson River Road, by whose inability to do all that was required of him at once the train was thrown into the river, we shall discover that the daily slaughter of our fellow-citizens is not in the least necessary. Mr. MILL'S words have a wide application and in many directions: "It is vain to hope that men will be shamed out of these things so long as they are not cut in society."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WIRZ TRIAL.

WE published last week a detailed history of the first ten days of the trial of Captain Wirz. The subsequent evidence is for the most part cumulative, and it would be tedious to add one story of murder and cruelty to another in a monotonous series of horrors. One feature in the evidence given on September 9 and 10 arrests especial attention. Among the documents presented indicating that the authorities at Richmond were cognizant of the ill-treatment of our soldiers at Andersonville is a report made by General Howell Cobb to the rebel Adjutant-General Cooper. This report, made May 5, 1864, complains of the crowded condition of the prison, and suggests that a hospital be built outside of the prison. If possible it would be better to make another prison, as he doubted very much whether there would be sufficient water for the accommodation of so many prisoners. General Cobb highly commends Wirz in his report. The report made by Wirz himself, May 8, 1864, was also offered in testimony, and unites with that of Cobb in advising the enlargement of the stockade and the erection of outside hospitals.

A letter of the rebel Inspector-General Chandler, dated July 5, 1864, and addressed to Colonel Chilton, of Richmond, says:

"No shelter whatever, nor materials for constructing any, had been provided by the prison authorities, and the ground being entirely bare of trees none is within reach of the prisoners, nor has it been possible, from the over-crowded state of the inclosure, to arrange the camp with any system. Each man has been permitted to protect himself as best he can by stretching his blanket, or whatever he may have about him, on such sticks as he can procure. Of other shelter there has been none. There is no medical attendance within the stockade. Many (twenty yesterday) are carted out daily, who have died from unknown causes, and whom the medical officers have never seen. The dead are hauled out daily by the wagon-load, and buried without coffins, their hands, in many instances, being first mutilated with an axe, in the removal of any finger-rings they may have. Raw rations have to be issued to a very large portion, who are entirely unprovided with proper utensils, and furnished so limited a supply of fuel they are compelled to dig with their hands in the filthy marsh before-mentioned for roots, etc. No soap or clothing has ever been issued. After inquiry the writer is confident that, with slight exertions, green corn and other anti-scorbutics could readily be obtained. The present hospital arrangements were only intended for the accommodation of ten thousand men, and are totally insufficient, both in character and extent, for the present needs, the number of prisoners being now more than three times as great. The number of cases requiring medical treatment is in an increased ratio. It is impossible to state the numbers of sick, many dying within the stockade whom the medical officers have never seen or heard of till their remains are brought out for interment. The transportation of the post is also represented to be entirely insufficient, and authority is needed by the quarter-master to impress wagons and teams and saw-mills when not employed by the Government, and kept diligently occupied, and instructions given to the quarter-master in charge of transportation to afford every facility practicable for transporting lumber and supplies necessary for prisoners."

A supplementary report was made by the same officer, in which he says that the conduct of Wirz is entitled to commendation, and that he is properly qualified for his position. Captain Wirz is recommended for promotion. It appears from other papers that Assistant Secretary of War Campbell indorsed the reports, saying they show a condition of things which calls for the interposition of the department, the prison being a reproach to the Confederates as a nation, etc.

On the 9th a report submitted by Inspector-General Chandler to the Richmond authorities at the beginning of August, 1864, was read. This report, while describing the horrid condition of the prisoners and the tortures inflicted on them, charges the culpability for their inhuman treatment principally on General John H. Winder, rebel Commissary-General of Prisoners (now dead), and endeavors to exculpate Wirz. Winder advocated in cold blood to Colonel Chandler and others the policy of starving and torturing the prisoners to death as a means of relieving the inclosure of its crowded condition. It would be better, he said, that one-half of them should die. Colonel Chandler described the place as one of horrors difficult to depict, and a disgrace to civilization. After the reading of his report was concluded the Colonel was placed on the witness stand, when he stated that he had no retraction to make in regard to what had just been read, and proceeded to testify to additional details of the sufferings of the captives. The Colonel believed that it would have been easy to improve the condition of the sufferers, and to supply them with more and better food, if there had been a disposition to do so.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The New York Democratic Convention met at Albany September 6. The resolutions adopted reiterate the usual boast of the Democratic party as to its past record; congratulate the people on the return of peace; demand the restoration of judicial authority; indorse President Johnson's policy, and proclaim the national debt a national curse. The Convention nominated for Secretary of State General Slocum, who has just been in conflict with the civil authority in Mississippi. John Van Buren was nominated for Attorney-General, Major-General M. B. Patrick for Treasurer, Hon. Martin Grover and John W. Brown for Justices of Court of Appeals, and Hon. Lucius Robinson for Controller.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Chicago *Republican* says that Dick Turner, the former keeper of Libby Prison, is reduced from a weight of 165 pounds to a mere skeleton, weighing scarcely 100 pounds. About two months since he effected his escape from the dungeon in which he was confined in Libby, and after three weeks' diligent search was found in a house on Oregon Hill, in Richmond. He has since been confined in a cell 8 by 12, seen by and seeing only the surgeon, who daily visits him. He is furnished with a Bible, a copy of Shakspeare, and a few magazines for reading.

The last session of the Maryland Legislature appropriated $7000 for the purchase of a site for a cemetery on the Antietam battle-field, in which to place the remains of the men who fell in that ever-memorable battle. Ten acres of ground have been purchased near the bridge where Burnside's troops fought, and within sight of the house where the Rebel General Lee viewed the progress of the battle. The ground has been inclosed with a neat fence.

General Lee has accepted the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia. In his letter of acceptance he says that "it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object;" and that "it is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set an example of submission to authority."

Brevet Major-General Judson Kilpatrick will take the stump for the Union candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

In the Maine election, which took place September 11, the Democratic candidates suffered a great defeat. Governor Coney was re-elected.

Up to Saturday, August 26, less than 400 citizens of Mobile had qualified themselves to vote, though the election of delegates would take place in four days.

Captain Robert Lincoln, son of the late President, is now in Paris, engaged in his studies for the legal profession.

DOVER MILLS, ON THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA CANAL, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]

DOVER MILLS, ON THE JAMES.

The valley of the James River abounds in scenery of great beauty. On this page we present a view of Dover Mills, one of the loveliest spots in the vicinity of Richmond. This spot is, however, selected for illustration not so much for its intrinsic beauty as for the historic associations attached to it. The place is owned by Mr. S. D. Fisher, usually known as Dunlop Fisher, one of the leading miners and geologists of the State, and is situated some twenty miles from Richmond, on the James River and Kanawha Canal.

In the distance, to the left of the picture, is seen a graceful bend of the James River, while the canal occupies the fore-ground. At that bend of the river is the ferry where the gallant Dahlgren attempted to ford in his nearly successful raid upon Richmond, which ultimately cost him his life. He had been told by his guide that the river was fordable at that point, but on trying it it was found not to be so. Failing there, Dahlgren went further down to Manakin's Ferry, some four miles below, and found that impassable also. Naturally concluding that the guide had willfully misled him the fellow was immediately hung. Had Dahlgren succeeded in fording the James at either of those points, and making straight for Richmond, it is the universal belief among all those best informed that he would have taken the city, and released our prisoners in Belle Isle, the Libby, and Castle Thunder; such was the consternation created at his daring movement, and so little the preparation that had been then made for resisting him.

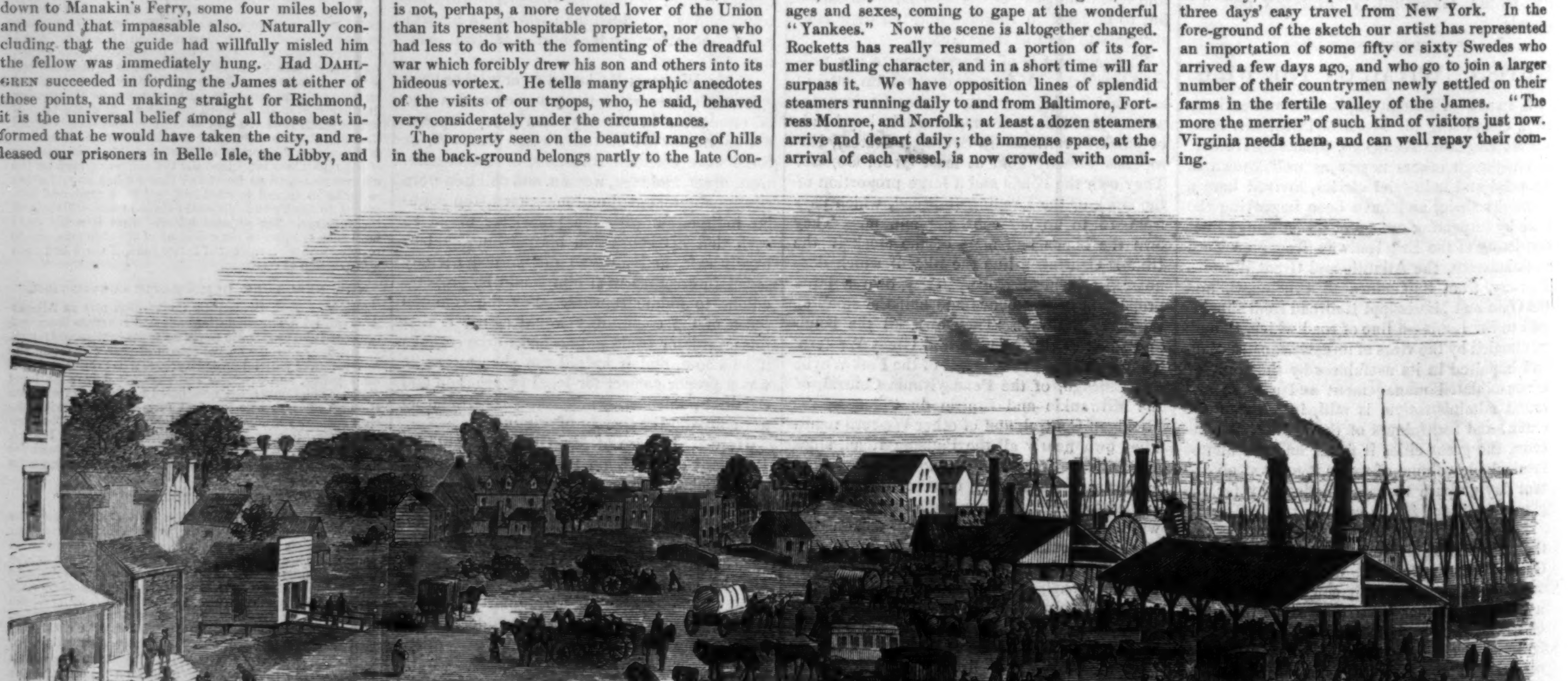
Among the places destroyed during this memorable raid was Dover Mills, the subject of this sketch, and the ruins of which are seen in the fore-ground of the picture. It was one of the old Revolutionary mills, and at the outbreak of the war was in full operation as one of the largest and most valuable in the State. Its water-power is immense, and its contiguity to the canal greatly enhanced its value. The large work-shop which stood alongside, with turning lathes and other machinery for carpenters, wheel-wrights, etc., was entirely destroyed—a loss valued at least at $50,000 National currency. Dahlgren's men took from the present proprietor six fine horses, valued at $400 each; and in Stoneman's raid, during which he was visited also, he lost five splendid horses; so that Dover Mills has felt its share of warfare. But in spite of all these losses, and of his deeper sacrifice of a dear-loved son on the bloody field of Gettysburg, there is not, perhaps, a more devoted lover of the Union than its present hospitable proprietor, nor one who had less to do with the fomenting of the dreadful war which forcibly drew his son and others into its hideous vortex. He tells many graphic anecdotes of the visits of our troops, who, he said, behaved very considerately under the circumstances.

The property seen on the beautiful range of hills in the back-ground belongs partly to the late Confederate Secretary of War Seddon. Adjoining it is that of Hobson, the son-in-law of Governor Wise, with whom the Governor usually sojourns. It is, altogether, one of the richest and most fertile spots to be found in the valley of the James.

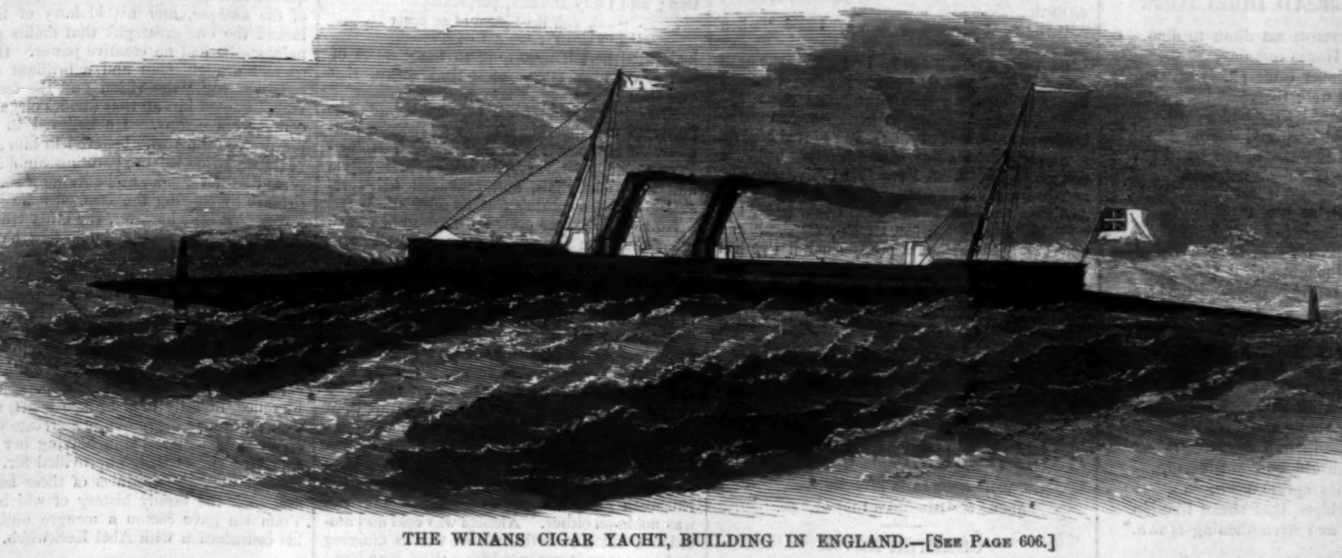
ROCKETTS LANDING, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We present on this page a view of Rocketts Landing, the principal wharf at the port of Richmond. If any thing were needed as a proof of the vast difference between the state of affairs before and since the National occupation, it might be seen in the Rocketts of to-day and the miserable, deserted, Heaven-forsaken looking spot which was pointed out to the first comers from the North as the commercial *entrepôt* of the rebel capital. Then there was nothing to be seen on the landing but piles of disabled cannon and rusty fragments of war materials, nobody to be met but a few idle negroes, of all ages and sexes, coming to gape at the wonderful "Yankees." Now the scene is altogether changed. Rocketts has really resumed a portion of its former bustling character, and in a short time will far surpass it. We have opposition lines of splendid steamers running daily to and from Baltimore, Fortress Monroe, and Norfolk; at least a dozen steamers arrive and depart daily; the immense space, at the arrival of each vessel, is now crowded with omnibuses, hacks, drays, and every kind of vehicle for passengers and their luggage, where at first it was impossible, at any price, for the traveler to obtain a conveyance. Indeed we may say that the commerce of Richmond is now fairly started, and, in spite of the drawbacks still existing from political considerations, is destined to go on rapidly increasing at a rate that but few Virginians ever dreamed of.

The geographical position of this State, her climate, mineral wealth, and agricultural resources, her contiguity to all the great Atlantic markets, and the advantages she offers, as the natural outlet to the ocean of all the pent-up wealth of the great West, are all attracting already the serious attention of capitalists and emigrants. The recent important revelations respecting the gold, copper, and other mineral regions in Central Virginia are inviting capitalists, while emigrants are beginning to learn that they need not be going thousands of miles to the far West in search of what they can find quite as readily, and in equal abundance, within two or three days' easy travel from New York. In the fore-ground of the sketch our artist has represented an importation of some fifty or sixty Swedes who arrived a few days ago, and who go to join a larger number of their countrymen newly settled on their farms in the fertile valley of the James. "The more the merrier" of such kind of visitors just now. Virginia needs them, and can well repay their coming.



ROCKETTS LANDING, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]



THE WINANS CIGAR YACHT, BUILDING IN ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 606.]

THE WALL STREET FORGERY.

WE give on this page an illustration of a gold-check forged by MR. EDWARD KETCHUM, who has been indicted for larceny and forgery. We also give *fac-similes* of his forged handwriting, as shown in extracts from letters found upon his person at the time of his arrest; letters which were intended to appear as addressed to himself by his near relatives, and as supporting his assumed character as a Western merchant. In the gold check the word *Gold*, it should be stated, is printed in gold letters running across the check.

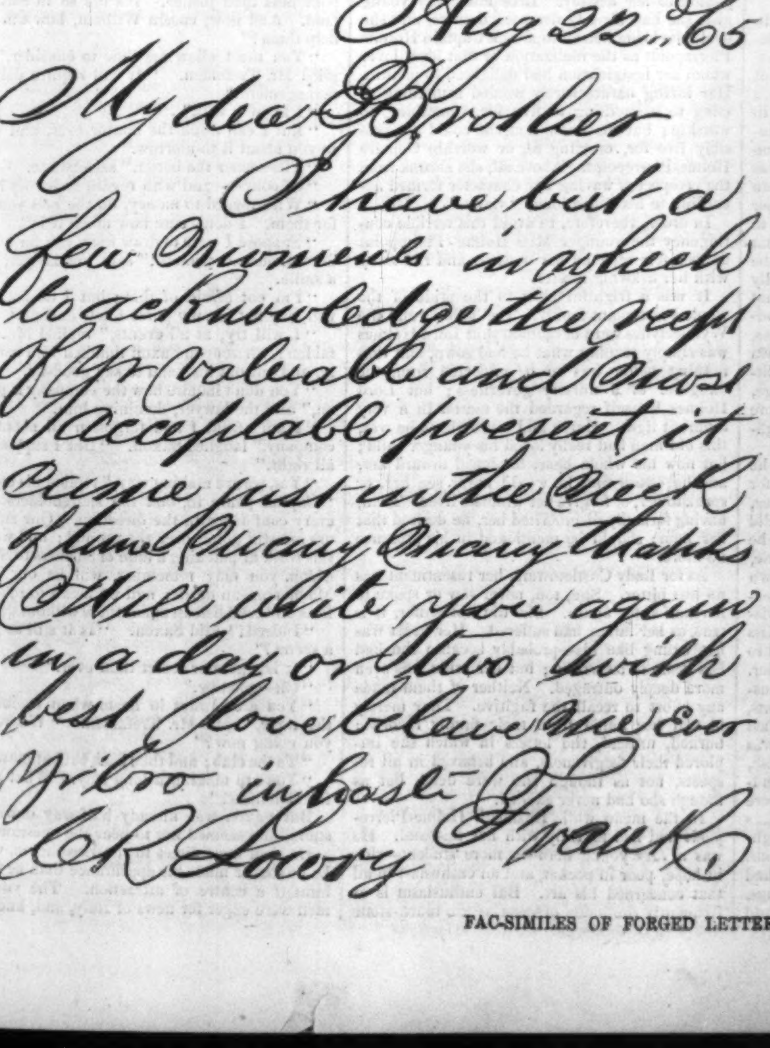
JUDGE J. S. YERGER.

WE publish on page 605 a portrait of the Hon. J. S. YERGER, President of the Mississippi Convention, the first of the State Conventions held in the South.

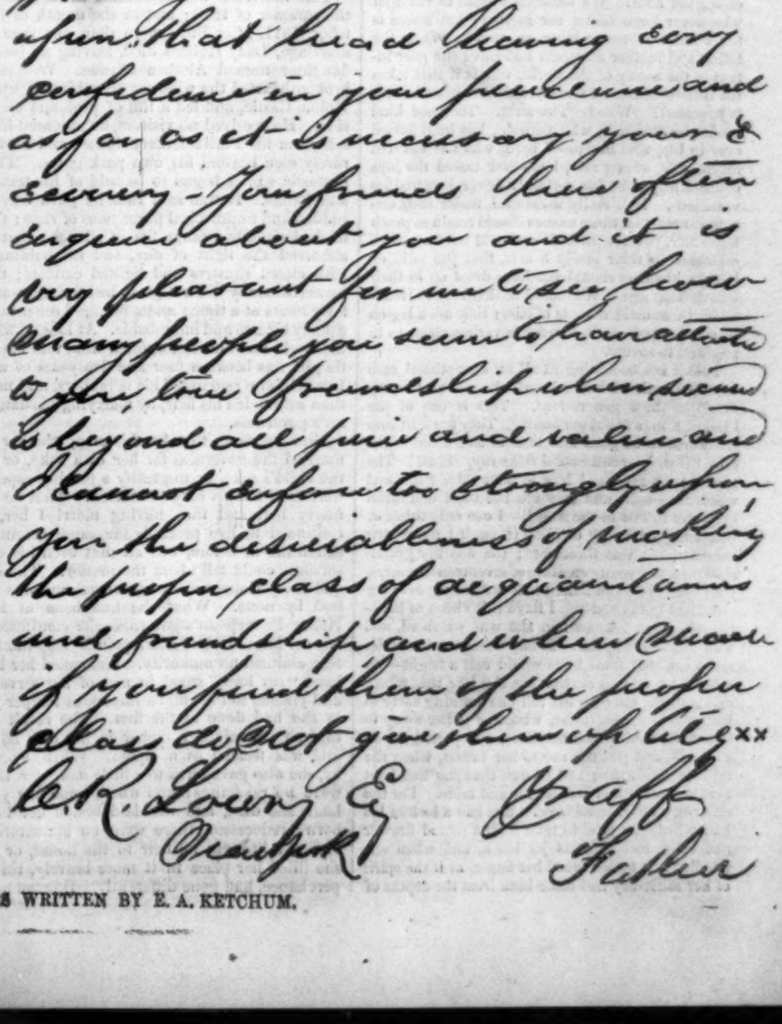
Judge YERGER was born in Greenburg, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1810, from whence his father removed to Nashville, Tennessee, in 1816. The son there commenced the study and practice of law, and took an active part in the political affairs of the State. In 1837 he went to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and took a prominent position at the bar of that city when it boasted of such men as S. S. PRENTISS, JOSEPH HOLT, and other eminent legal gentlemen. For several years he was a member of the Legislature, and in 1855 was elected Judge of Courts of Law and Equity, which office he continues to hold by re-election to the present time. He was chosen as one of the delegates to the secession Convention of 1861, and strenuously opposed from first to last, and voted against the ordinance of secession.

Theo Ward
R. Brunner
No 58987
NEW YORK June 26 1865
Bank of New York
GOLD
Pay to the order of Ourselves
Five thousand Dollars
$5000
Robinson Cox & Co
Five thousand

FAC-SIMILE OF A GOLD CHECK FORGED BY E. A. KETCHUM.



Cincinnati
Aug 22nd 65
My dear Brother
I have but a few moments in which to acknowledge the recpt of yr valuable and most acceptable present it came just in the nick of time many many thanks Will write you again in a day or two with best love, believe me Ever Yr bro in haste Frank
C R Lowry



Cincinnati Aug 18. 65
My dear Son
Your letter of the 16th is just recd x x x in regard to spending money I do not wish to place you under any restrictions upon that head having every confidence in your prudence and as far as it is necessary your economy - Your friends here often enquire about you and it is very pleasant for me to see how many people you seem to have attached to you, true friendship when secured is beyond all price and value and I cannot urge too strongly upon you the desirableness of making the proper class of acquaintances and friendship and when once if you find them of the proper class do not give them up lightly x x
C. R. Lowry Esq
New York
Yr aff
Father

FAC-SIMILES OF FORGED LETTERS WRITTEN BY E. A. KETCHUM.

THE RAILROAD DIRECTORS.

Two railroad directors sat down to dine
At the Astor House one day,
And after the dinner came plenty of wine—
Jolly directors were they.
Surplus and dividend they had stored
Where it would keep and swell,
And the delicate business of the board
That day they had managed well.

But the buzzing wine rose to their brains
And drowned discretion out,
While the greenish tints of their heavy gains
Colored their thoughts, no doubt.
The door was ajar; they chuckled loud;
And a railroad traveler near,
Whose head for a murdered wife was bowed,
Their chuckles could but hear.

Said one, "Do you understand my move
For a new track all complete;
Our care for the public weal 'twill prove,
And our stock will bull the street.
We shall turn the old rails outside in,
And the old ties upside down,
And paint the bridges, that shake like sin,
With a cheap and strengthening brown."

Said the other, "My Resolution strikes
Half the old hands away;
Each of the rest may go if he likes—
There are cheaper hands than they.
Some see too much, and I will have done
With their knowing growls of fear;
A worn-out engine had better be run
By a half-priced engineer."

The traveler rose with a hopeless groan
And went his desolate way;
He knew too well why he walked alone,
With his heart beneath the clay;
While the directors paid their bill
With never a sigh of care,
And to palace homes on Murray Hill
Rolled up through the golden air.

Next month was another "accident"
From a broken tie and rail,
And a score of precious souls were sent
Through the gateway cold and pale;
And by many more, crushed, maimed, and torn,
Writhing in hopeless pain,
Was the life-long, fearful witness borne
Of the vile directors' gain.

OUR AUNTS.

WHAT would become of half of us if we had no aunts? I don't know precisely what would have become of a score of persons upon whom my mind's eye now rests; but generally, I am sure that but for their aunts they would have been in the race of life, by this time, nowhere. They would have fallen out of the course long ago and gone to the deuce, or died in ditches, as their other relatives metaphorically predicted of them. It is mercifully ordered in the great scheme of existence that nearly every person should have an aunt who is willing to grow into an old maid, and to sacrifice her life to the good of others—those others being generally her nephews and nieces. Aunts are the fairy good godmothers of society, the supplementary mothers who are often more kind and indulgent to the children than their parents are. There is not a single person any where who is not familiar with this idea of a good aunt. We sometimes hear of children who never knew father nor mother; but where is the child who never knew an aunt? When the father and mother disappear and leave the poor infant to the mercy of the world, who is it that takes the little waif in, and feeds and clothes it, and sends it to school? Who? The aunt. The good kind tender-hearted soul, who, perhaps, has been passed over in life, who has toiled hard, who has suffered much, who, at any rate, has never tasted the joys of maternity, who has certainly never incurred its vexations. It is really wonderful, under such circumstances, that these women should retain so much humanity, that the fire of love should not have been quenched in their lonely hearts, that the milk of human kindness should not have dried up in their breasts long ago. We should be thankful to Heaven for these maiden aunts of ours: they are a legion of angels upon earth, forever hovering about us to pity and to succor.

I shall not be stating at all an exceptional case when I say that I had an aunt who was an "aunty dear" to three generations. This is one of the blessed things about our aunts. They are sent into the world to be good and also to live long. The good die early, sentimental folks say. Stuff! The good, thank Heaven! live to have false teeth and wear false hair, and they are the most delightful creatures to kiss in the world. I can only think of that dear old aunty of mine (though I never saw her until she was threescore; she was my grand-aunt) as a fair young creature of seventeen summers, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair streaming over her shoulders to her waist. I have this vision of her—though, when I knew her, she was wrinkled, and wore a brown wig that was any thing but invisible, and a cap that some folks would call a fright—because she once told me that she was like that when, as a girl, she ran over the hill one morning early to bid good-by to her lover, who was going away to sea. She held me on her knee, and patted me on the head, and strained me to her breast, when she told me that story; and I knew that she had kept her great wealth of love for me and mine. For the sailor-boy never came back. She had a lock of his hair which she used to take from a sacred drawer and show me. It was jet black, and when she handled it it curled round her finger, as if the spirit of her sailor-boy had come back from the depths of the sea to embrace her with all that was left of him on earth.

"And what did you do, aunty," I said, "when you heard the news?"

"What did I do, laddie? I criet and criet until my heart was dry and my een were sair. I think I should ha' deet if your mother hadna come; but when she came I took up wi' her. She had bonny black een just like my laddie's, and I loved her and nursed her for his sake. And when they had ower mony o' them at hame I took her to live with me, and she was my lassie until your father married her. And then I was lonely again until your father had ower mony o' them, when I took your sister, and now I've got you; and a pretty handful I've had with the lot o' ye."

She did not mean these last sharp words a bit; for she took one of the succeeding generation to live with her, and it was always in danger of being smothered with kisses.

Ah, dear aunty in Heaven, what would have become of some of us but for you?

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A PAGE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

EVERY student of English history is familiar with the noble and ancient name of Holme-Pierrepoint. A more stately race of men and women than the bearers of that name never traversed the pages of medieval chronicle. Their famous ancestor, Thierry de Pierrepoint, "came over," as the phrase is, with William the Bastard; but he was only the younger son of a younger son, and the houses which look back to him as their founder are, after all, but offshoots from that still more ancient line that held lands and titles in Franche Comté three centuries before the great conquest.

How Thierry de Pierrepoint came to be lord of many a fair and fertile English manor; how his descendants multiplied and prospered, held high offices of state under more than thirty sovereigns, raised up for themselves great names in camp and council, and intermarried with the bravest and fairest of almost every noble family in the land, needs no recapitulation here. Enough that the Holme-Pierrepoints were an elder branch of the original Pierrepoint stock; and that Lady Castletowers, whose father was a Holme-Pierrepoint, and whose mother was a Talbot, had really some excuse for that inordinate pride of birth which underlaid every thought and act of her life as the ground-color underlies all the tints of a painting.

The circumstances of her ladyship's parentage were these:

George Condé Holme-Pierrepoint, third Lord Holmes, of Holme Castle, Lancashire, being no longer young, and having, moreover, encumbered a slender estate with many mortgages, married at fifty years of age, to the infinite annoyance of his cousin and heir-presumptive, Captain Holme-Pierrepoint, of Sowerby. The lady of Lord Holmes's choice was just half his age. She was known in Portsmouth and its neighborhood as "the beautiful Miss Talbot;" she was the fifth of nine daughters in a family of fourteen children; and her father, the Honorable Charles Talbot, held the rank of Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy. It is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to add that Miss Talbot had no fortune.

This marriage was celebrated some time in the summer of 1810; and in the month of October, 1811, after little more than one year of marriage, Lady Holmes died, leaving an infant daughter named Alethea Claude. Well-nigh broken-hearted the widower shut himself up in Holme Castle, and led a life of profound seclusion. He received no visitors, he absented himself from his Parliamentary duties, and he was rarely seen beyond his own park gates. Then fantastic stories began to be told of his temper and habits. It was said that he gave way to sudden and unprovoked paroxysms of rage; that he had equally strange fits of silence; that he abhorred the light of day, and sat habitually with closed shutters and lighted candles; that he occasionally did not go to bed for eight-and-forty hours at a time; and a hundred other tales, equally bizarre and improbable. At length, when the world had almost forgotten him, and his little girl was between four and five years of age, Lord Holmes astounded his neighbors, and more than astounded his heir, by marrying his daughter's governess.

How he came to take this step, whether he married the governess for her own sake, or for the child's sake, or to gratify a passing caprice, were facts known only to himself. That he did marry her, and that, having married her, he continued to live precisely the same eccentric, sullen life as before, was all that even his own servants could tell about the matter. The second Lady Holmes visited nowhere, and was visited by none. What she had been as Miss Holme-Pierrepoint's governess she continued to be as Miss Holme-Pierrepoint's step-mother. She claimed no authority. She called her husband "my lord," stood in awe of her servants, and yielded to the child's imperious temper just as she had done at the first. The result was that she remained a cipher in her own house, and was treated as a cipher. When, by-and-by, she also gave birth to a little daughter, there were no rejoicings; and when, some few years later, she died, and was laid beside her high-born predecessor, there were no lamentations. Had she brought an heir to the house, or had she filled her place in it more bravely, things, perchance, had gone differently. But the world is terribly apt to take people at their own valuation; and Lady Holmes, perplexed

"—— with the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born,"

had rated herself according to the dictates of one of the lowliest and most timid hearts that ever beat in a woman's breast.

Thus it was that Lord Holmes became the father of two daughters, and was twice a widower. And thus it was that Captain Holme-Pierrepoint, of Sowerby, escaped first Scylla and then Charybdis, and remained heir-presumptive to his cousin's coronet after all.

No two girls ever grew up more unlike each other than the Honorable Miss Holme-Pierrepoints. There was a difference of nearly six years in their age to begin with; but this was as nothing when compared with the difference in their appearance, dispositions, and tastes.

The elder was tall, stately, and remarkable from very early girlhood for that singular resemblance to Marie Antoinette, which became so striking in her at a later period of life. The younger, on the contrary, was pretty rather than beautiful, painfully sensitive and shy, and as unpretending as might have been the lowliest peasant girl upon her father's lands. Alethea never forgot that she was noble on both sides; but Elizabeth seemed never to remember that she was noble on either. Alethea was cold and ambitious; but Elizabeth's nature was as clinging and tender as it was unselfish. Elizabeth looked up to Alethea as to the noblest and most perfect of God's creatures; but Alethea, who had never forgiven her father's second marriage, held her half-sister in that kind of modified estimation in which a jeweler might hold a clouded diamond, or a sportsman a half-bred retriever.

Years went by; and as the girls grew to womanhood their unlikeness became more and more apparent. In due time the Honorable Miss Holme-Pierrepoint, being of an age to take her place in society, was presented at court by her aunt, the Countess of Glastonbury, and "brought out" after the sober fashion that prevailed in the days of George the Third. Before the close of that season she was engaged to Harold Wynneclyffe, fourth Earl of Castletowers, and early in the spring time of the following year, while her young sister was yet in the school-room, the beautiful Alethea was married from her aunt's house in Somersetshire, where the ceremony was privately performed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

In the mean while it was arranged that Lord Holmes's younger daughter was to be spared all those difficulties and dangers that beset a matrimonial choice. Her lot was cast for her. She was to marry Captain Holme-Pierrepoint, of Sowerby.

A more simple and admirable scheme could not have been devised. Captain Holme-Pierrepoint was her father's heir, and it was of course desirable that Elizabeth's dowry should remain in the family. Then Elizabeth was very young—young even for her age, and her character needed to be judiciously formed. Captain Holme-Pierrepoint was the very man to form a young lady's character. He was a man who got through a great deal of solid reading in the year; who delighted in statistics; who talked pompously, was a strict disciplinarian, and had "views" on the subject of education. In addition to these qualifications it may be added that Captain Holme-Pierrepoint was still handsome, and only forty-eight years of age.

Incredible as it may seem, however, Lord Holmes's second daughter was by no means so happy as she ought to have been in the contemplation of her destiny. Like most very young girls she had already dreamed dreams, and she could not bring herself to accept Captain Holme-Pierrepoint as the realization of that ideal lover whom her imagination had delighted to picture. Her loving nature sorely needed something to cling to, something to live for, something to worship; but she knew that she could not possibly live for, or cling to, or worship Captain Holme-Pierrepoint. Above all, she shrunk from the prospect of having her character formed according to his educational "views."

In order, therefore, to avoid this terrible contingency the younger Miss Holme-Pierrepoint deliberately rejected her destiny, and ran away with her drawing-master.

It was a frightful blow to the pride of the whole Pierrepoint family. The Talbots and the Wynneclyffes were of opinion that Lord Holmes was simply reaping what he had sown, and that nothing better was to be expected from the daughter of a nursery governess; but Lord Holmes himself regarded the matter in a very different light. Harsh and eccentric as he was, this old man had really loved his younger child; but now his whole heart hardened toward her, and he swore that he would never see her, or speak to her, or forgive her while he lived. Then, having formally disinherited her, he desired that her name should be mentioned in his presence no more.

As for Lady Castletowers, her resentment was no less bitter. She, too, never saw or spoke to her half-sister again. She did not suffer, it is true, as her father had suffered. Her heart was not wrung like his—probably because she had less heart to be wrung; but her pride was even more deeply outraged. Neither of them made any effort to recall the fugitive. They merely blotted her name from their family records; burned, unread, the letters in which she implored their forgiveness, and behaved in all respects, not as though she were dead, but as though she had never existed.

In the mean while Elizabeth Holme-Pierrepoint had fled to Italy with her husband. He was a very young man—a mere student—rich in hope, poor in pocket, and an enthusiast in all that concerned his art. But enthusiasm is as frequently the index of taste as the touch-stone of talent, and Edgar Rivière, with all his exquisite feeling for form and color, his worship of the antique, and his idolatry of Raffaelle, lacked the one great gift that makes poet and painter—he had no creative power. He was a correct draughtsman and a brilliant colorist; but, wanting "the vision and the faculty divine," wanted just all that divides elegant mediocrity from genius. He believed in himself, however, and his wife believed in him; and for years he struggled on, painting ambitious pictures that never sold, and earning a scanty subsistence by copying the Raffaelles he so dearly loved. At last, however, the bitter truth forced itself upon him, and he knew that he had deceived himself with hopes destined never to be realized. But the discovery came too late. Long years of unrequited effort had impaired his health and bowed his spirit within him, and he had no spark left of that high courage which would once have armed him against all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He did not long survive the wreck of his ambition. He died in Florence, literally of a broken heart, some fifteen years after his romantic marriage with Elizabeth Holme-Pierrepoint, leaving her and one surviving child wholly unprovided for.

Such were the destinies of these half-sisters, and such the family history of which William Trefalden gave Saxon a meagre outline, after his consultation with Abel Keckwitch.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE CLUB.

"AND now, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I can tell you nothing beyond the fact that Edgar Rivière died in Florence some three or four years since; but I think we need have no difficulty in guessing the parentage and history of your distressed damsel. I imagine that her mother must have been left simply destitute; and in this case Lady Castletowers would, of course, do something to keep her from starvation. I doubt, however, that her charity went beyond that point."

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed Saxon, who was now pacing up and down the room in a fever of indignation, "this lady is her own sister, cousin William! her own sister!"

"Her half-sister; but, even so, it is too bad."

"Too bad? Why it's monstrous! If I were Castletowers—"

"I do not suppose that Lord Castletowers has ever heard of the existence of these people," interrupted the lawyer.

"Then he ought to hear of it!"

"Not from your lips, young man. You have stumbled on a family secret, and, right or wrong, you are bound in honor to respect it. If Lady Castletowers keeps a skeleton in her private closet, it is not your place to produce that skeleton at the feast to which she invites you."

"I am afraid that's true," replied Saxon; "but I wish I might tell Castletowers all the same."

"You must do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Trefalden, emphatically. "It is in your power to give great assistance to two unfortunate ladies, and with that privilege be content."

"I can not be content to stand by and see injustice done," exclaimed Saxon. "They have been cruelly wronged."

"Even so, my dear fellow, you are not Don Quixote."

The young man bit his lip.

"Don Quixote's name," said he, "is too often taken in vain. Heaven forbid that we nineteenth-century-people should come to apply it to the simple love of right! It seems to me that the world over here thinks a vast deal more of politeness than justice. It's not so in Switzerland. And now, cousin William, how am I to help them?"

"You must allow me time to consider," replied Mr. Trefalden. "It will require delicate management."

"I know it will."

"But I can think the matter over, and write to you about it to-morrow."

"The sooner the better," said Saxon.

"Of course—and with regard to money?"

"With regard to money, do the best you can for them. I don't care how much it is."

"Suppose I were to draw upon you for a hundred thousand pounds!" said the lawyer, with a smile.

"I'm not afraid of that; but I do fear that you may not use my purse freely enough."

"I will try, at all events," replied Mr. Trefalden; whereupon Saxon thanked him cordially, and put out his hand to say good-by.

"You don't inquire how the company is going on," said the lawyer, detaining him.

"I am afraid I had forgotten all about the company," laughed Saxon. "But I suppose it's all right."

"Yes, we are making way," replied his cousin. "Capital pours in, and the shareholders have every confidence in the direction. Our surveyors are still going over the ground; and we are this week dispatching a man of business to Sidon. Sidon, you may remember, will be our great Mediterranean dépôt; and we mean to open offices and establish an agent there without delay."

"Indeed!" said Saxon. "Is it still so great a secret?"

"It is a greater secret than ever."

"Oh—good-by."

"You are always in haste when business is the topic," said Mr. Trefalden. "Where are you going now?"

"To the club; and then back to Castletowers."

"You are making a long stay. What about the Colonnas?"

But Saxon was already half-way down the stairs, and seemed not to hear the question.

He then went direct to the Erectheum, where he no sooner made his appearance than he found himself a centre of attraction. The younger men were eager for news of Italy, and, knowing

whence he came, overwhelmed him with questions. What was Colonna doing? Was he likely to go out to Garibaldi? What were Garibaldi's intentions? Was Victor Emanuel favorable to the Sicilian cause? Would the war be carried into Naples and Rome? And, if so, did Colonna think that the Emperor of the French would take arms for the Pope? Was it true that Vaughan was about to join the army of liberation? Was it true that Lord Castletowers would command the English contingent? Was it true that Saxon had himself accepted a commission? And so on, till Saxon stopped his ears, and refused to hear another question.

"I am not in Signor Colonna's confidence," said he, "and I know nothing of his projects. But I do know that I have accepted no such commission, and I believe I may say the same for Castletowers."

"And Vaughan?" said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"Vaughan is going. He starts for Genoa to-night."

"I felt sure that was true," observed Greatorex, with a significant laugh. "Perhaps the fair Olimpia has promised to take pity on him."

Saxon turned upon him as if he had been stung.

"What do you mean?" he said, hotly. "What should Miss Colonna have to do with the matter?"

"Perhaps a great deal," replied the banker. "The gentleman gives his arm to the cause, and the lady rewards him with her hand. 'Tis a fair exchange."

"And Vaughan has worshiped for years at the Olimpian shrine," added Sir Charles.

"Besides," said another, "what else does he go for? We all know that he doesn't care a straw for Italy. It may be a forlorn hope, you know."

"More likely than not, I should say," replied Burgoyne. "Olimpia Colonna is a clever woman, and knows her own market value. She'll fly at higher game than a major of dragoons."

Saxon's face was burning all this time with anger and mortification. At last he could keep silence no longer.

"All this may be true," he said. "I don't believe it's true; but at all events it is not in my power to contradict it. However, of one thing I am certain—that a crowded club-room is not the place in which a lady's name should be passed from mouth to mouth in this fashion."

"Your proposition is quite unexceptionable in a general way, my dear fellow," replied Burgoyne; "but in the present instance it does not apply. When a lady's name has figured for years in dispatches, petitions, committee-lists, and reports of all kinds, civil and military, it can surely bear the atmosphere of a crowded club-room."

"I don't think that has any thing to do with it," said Saxon, sturdily. "Dispatches and petitions are public matters, and open to general discussion."

"But the probable marriage of a charming woman is a private matter, and therefore open to particular discussion," laughed the Guardsman. "For my part, I can only say that I mean to hang myself on Miss Colonna's wedding-day."

Then the conversation turned again to Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel; and presently Saxon made his escape, and was on his way to the station.

He felt very moody and uncomfortable as he leaned back in his Hansom and sped along the Strand. He had heard much that was infinitely disagreeable to him during the brief hour spent at his club; much that he could not refute, but which he had been obliged to endure with comparative patience. That Olimpia's name should be thus familiar to every idle lip seemed like a profanation; but that it should be coupled up with that of Vaughan and Castletowers, and perhaps—who could tell?—with the names of a hundred other men whose political sympathies necessarily brought them into communication with her, was sacrilege pur et simple.

What man on earth was worthy of her, to begin with? Certainly not Major Vaughan, with his surface morality, his half-concealed cynicism, and his iron-gray beard. Not even Castletowers, brave and honorable gentleman as he was. No—the only fit and appropriate husband for Olimpia Colonna would be some modern Du Guesclin or Bayard; some man of the old heroic type, whose soul would burn with a fire kindred to her own, who should do great deeds in the cause she loved, and lay his splendid laurels at her feet. But then lived there such a hero, young, handsome, daring, ardent, successful in love and mighty in battle, a man of men, sans peur et sans reproche?

Perhaps Saxon was secretly comforted by the conviction that only a preux chevalier would be worthy of Miss Colonna, and that the preux chevalier was certainly not forthcoming.

In the midst of these reflections, however, he found himself once more at the station, with the express on the point of starting, and not a second to lose. To fling down his shillings, dash along the platform, and spring into a first-class carriage, just as the guard was running along the line and the driver beginning his preliminary whistle, was the work of a moment. As the door closed behind him, and he dropped into the nearest corner, a friendly voice called him by name, and he found himself face to face with Miss Hatherton.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ON THE PLATFORM.

"WELL met by—well, not exactly by moonlight, Mr. Trefalden," said she, with that hearty, almost gentlemanly way of proffering her hand that always put Saxon so delightfully at his ease in her society. "Have you been shooting any more weather-cocks, or winning any more races since I saw you last?"

"No," replied Saxon, laughingly; "I have been more usefully employed."

"I rejoice to hear it. May I ask in what manner?"

"Oh, Miss Hatherton, if you want particulars I'm lost! I'm only pleasantly conscious that I have been behaving well, and improving myself. I fear it's rather a vague statement to put forward though."

"Terribly vague. At all events, you have not yet donned the red shirt?"

"The red shirt!" echoed Saxon, with an involuntary glance at the little blue horseshoes besprinkling the bosom of that garment in which his person happened to be adorned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have not gone over to Garibaldi."

Garibaldi again! It seemed as if the air was full of the names of Garibaldi and Italy to-day!

"What, you too, Miss Hatherton!" he said. "I have heard more about Italian affairs since I have been in town this morning than I ever hear at Castletowers. The men at the Erectheum would talk of nothing else."

"I dare say not," replied the heiress. "The lookers-on have always more to say than the workers. But has not Miss Colonna enlisted you?"

"Indeed no."

"You amaze me. I could not have believed that she would show such incredible forbearance toward a man of your inches. But perhaps you are intending to join in any case."

"I have no intentions one way or the other," said Saxon; "but if any of our fellows were going I should like to join them."

"There is nothing I should enjoy so much, if I were a man," said Miss Hatherton. "Do you know how the fund is getting on? I heard they were sorely in want of money the other day, and I sent them something—not much, but as much as I could spare."

"Oh, I believe the fund is getting on pretty well," replied Saxon, with some embarrassment.

"You are a subscriber, of course?"

"Yes—I have given something."

Miss Hatherton looked at him keenly.

"I should like to know what that something was," said she. "I heard a strange rumor today— But I suppose you would not tell me if I were to ask you?"

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"A rumor is generally nothing but a polite name for a lie," replied he; "you should never believe in one."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Hatherton, gravely. "I should be sorry to believe all—"

She checked herself, and added:

"If you do go to Italy, Mr. Trefalden, you must be sure to let me know. I only marvel that Miss Colonna's eloquence has not been brought to bear upon you long since."

"Well, I'm not an Italian."

Miss Hatherton smiled, compassionately.

"My dear Sir," said she, "if you were a Thug, and willing to make your *roomal* useful to the cause, the Colonnas would enlist you. Nation is nothing to them. All they want is a volunteer or a subscriber. Besides, plenty of your countrymen have gone over the Alps already."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Saxon, eagerly.

"As sure as that you never read the papers."

"You are quite right there," laughed he, "I never do."

"An English volunteer company is already formed," continued Miss Hatherton, "at Genoa."

"Yes—I know that."

"There will also, I hear, be a German corps; and both Swiss and Hungarian corps are talked about."

Saxon nearly bounded off his seat.

"A Swiss corps!" he shouted. "A Swiss corps, and nobody ever breathed a word of this to me!"

"It's very odd," said Miss Hatherton.

"And Miss Colonna was talking to me so much about Italy yesterday morning!"

"Perhaps they do not care to make a soldier of you, Mr. Trefalden," said the heiress.

"But they want soldiers!"

"True; but—"

"But what?"

"Perhaps they stand more in need of the sinews of war just now than of your individual muscles."

"The sinews of war!" stammered Saxon.

"You might get killed, you see."

"Of course I might get killed; but every volunteer risks that. Vaughan may get killed."

"He may; but then Major Vaughan has not ever so many millions of money."

Saxon looked blankly in Miss Hatherton's face.

"I—I really don't understand," said he.

"Do you wish me to explain my meaning?"

"Undoubtedly."

"There—excuse the illustration—it might not be politic to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Saxon's face flamed with rage and mortification.

"Oh, Miss Hatherton!" he exclaimed, "how can you be so unjust, and so uncharitable?"

Miss Hatherton smiled good-temperedly.

"I am a plain speaker, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "and plain speakers must expect to be called uncharitable sometimes. You need not be angry with me because I speak the truth."

"But indeed you're mistaken. It's not the truth, nor any thing like the truth."

"Nay," she replied, "I know the Colonnas better than you know them. Giulio Colonna is insatiable where Italy is concerned. I do not deny that he is personally disinterested. He would give the coat off his back to buy powder and shot for the cause; but he would strip the coat from his neighbor's back for the same purpose without scruple."

"But, indeed—"

"But, indeed, Mr. Trefalden, you may believe me when I tell you that he would regard it as a sacred duty to fling every farthing of your fortune into this coming war, if he could get the handling of it. You will do well to beware of him."

"Then I am sure that Miss Colonna is not—"

"Miss Colonna is utterly dominated by her own enthusiasm and her father's influence. You must beware of her too."

"You will tell me to beware of yourself next, Miss Hatherton," said Saxon, petulantly.

"No, my dear Sir, I shall do nothing of the kind. I like you very much; but I neither want your money, nor— Do you know what people are saying about you and Miss Colonna? By-the-way, is not this your station?"

"About me and Miss Colonna!" said Saxon, breathlessly.

"Yes—but this is certainly Sedgebrook. You must be quick, for they don't stop one moment."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Hatherton, tell me first!"

"No, no—jump out, or you will be carried on. I'll tell you when you are safe outside."

Saxon jumped out, but clung to the window with both hands.

"Now!" said he. "Now!"

"Well," replied Miss Hatherton, speaking somewhat slowly, and looking him full in the face; "they say, Mr. Trefalden—they say you are going to squander your fortune on Italy; marry Olimpia Colonna; and break Lord Castletowers's heart."

But Saxon never heard the last five words at all. Before Miss Hatherton could bring her sentence to an end the shrill whistle drowned her voice, and the train began to move. The young man stood looking after it for some moments in blank bewilderment.

"Squander your fortune on Italy, and marry Olimpia Colonna!" he repeated to himself.

"Fly to Castletowers, Sir?" said the solitary fly-driver of the place, recognizing the Earl's visitor.

But Saxon preferred to walk; so he took the short cut through the fields, and strode on with Miss Hatherton's words still ringing in his ears.

"Marry Olimpia Colonna!" he said, for the twentieth time, as he sat down presently upon a stile, and proceeded unconsciously to cut off the heads of the nearest dandelions with his cane. "Marry Olimpia Colonna! Good God! there isn't a prince on this earth half good enough for her! As for me, I'm only just worthy to be one of her slaves. What a mad notion! What a mad, preposterous notion!"

Mad and preposterous as it was, however, he could think of nothing else; and every now and then, as he loitered on his way through the pleasant meadows, he repeated, half aloud, those wondrous words:

"Marry Olimpia Colonna!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE WANDERING JEW.—The legend of the Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, is spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate at the house of Ahasuerus. This man, however, sallied forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shall move on till I return." And from that time he has no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Matthew of Paris, a monk of the thirteenth century: When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilate to death, the door-keeper, named Cartaffilous, pushed him from behind with his foot, saying, "Walk on, Jesus, quickly, why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is, that, after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors alludes to this wanderer. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was full of pious frauds, even to disgust. However, the story has spread far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew."

UNCLAIMED PRIZES.—The managers of lotteries could give some curious information concerning them if they chose, especially as regards the number of prizes that have never been claimed. How it has happened can only be guessed at in the majority of instances. There was a case, for example, which happened not very long ago. A man who had frequently speculated in lottery tickets, and always without winning any thing, became tired at last and determined not to risk any more money in it; he was, however, so strongly persuaded by a friend to take another ticket that he did so, but on receiving it he had so little faith in its winning any thing that he threw it into a drawer and thought no more about it. Some months afterward he met his friend in the street, who, it chanced, had just read a paragraph in a newspaper remarking on the singularity of the fact that the principal prize remained unclaimed. On meeting the friend whom he had induced to purchase the ticket, the recollection of what he had read came back to him, and the first thing he asked him was, if his ticket had turned out a prize. The other replied that he did not know, that he had not looked at the number, and did not know what had become of it. With considerable difficulty, and not without much grumbling at the loss of time it would occasion, he was made to return to his office, and there, in a drawer of his writing-table, after a long search, was discovered the neglected ticket, and what is far more strange, on a comparison of the number with the list it was found that this was the winning ticket.

SIX SETS OF CHILDREN.—There is a family in Detroit of quite unusual composition. The father and mother have each been married three times, and have had children by each marriage; and all are now living happily together under one roof—six sets of children.

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, the experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post-mortem* examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are—cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressive news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden deaths being known an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart-complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable: hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

THE APPETITE OF A FISH.—The labrum is a fish mentioned by Pliny, and rather vaguely described as a kind of ravenous fish, seeing that every fish is by nature utterly and entirely ravenous. The elegant trout, who flies in the wildest terror if you show the tip of your nose, will eat nearly his own weight of bleak and dace on a hot, still June evening. A pike has been known to rush at a fish well-nigh the size of himself, and even to dash at a mule's nose. We have known a fishing-frog lose its life in an insane attempt to swallow a wooden scoop, the proprietor of which objected to the proceeding. It is but a short time since we read an account of a fish which had swallowed, among other matters, two broken bottles, a quart pot, a sheep's head, a triangular piece of earthen-ware, and a lobster, while in its liver the spine of a skate was comfortably embedded!

THE WIFE'S DIAMONDS.—There was a flashy duke of the last century who took his wife's diamonds to a pawnbroker to aristocrats in difficulties, asking him at the same time to make a fac-simile set in false diamonds, which he might place in his lady's jewel-case before she returned from the country. The duke lost a little of that high-bred self-possession which distinguished him when the pawnbroker informed him that the diamonds he had brought were false ones which had been made for the duchess, who had pawned the true set years before, and had never been able to redeem them. In those old days the sums invested in diamonds were enormous. When Mr. Spence took his bride to court we may judge of the value of both by an *ex pede* process; the bridegroom carried thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds only in his shoe-buckles!

THE VINE.—The vine is one of the most extensively diffused of plants, and in this respect it furnishes a beautiful emblem of the universal spread of the Christian Church. Its early history is involved in obscurity. It is as old as the human race. Its cultivation was probably among the earliest efforts of human industry. It is first introduced to our notice as the cause of Noah's shameful drunkenness, and as one of the articles of provision hospitably offered by Melchizedek to Abraham. It is believed to be originally a native of the hilly region on the southern shores of the Caspian Sea, and in the Persian province of Ghilan. The Jews have a tradition that it was first planted by God's own hand on the fertile slopes of Hebron. Certainly the climate of the hill-country of Judah suits it so admirably that we may well believe it to be indigenous there. It was from the Judean valley of Eshcol that the spies carried away the gigantic cluster of grapes. Every traveler who has visited this region testifies to the luxuriance of its vines, and the large size and luscious taste of the grapes. Vineyards abound there more than in any other part of Palestine; and the earliest and latest heraldic symbol of Judah, both in the prophetical and evangelical records, is a "fenced vineyard on a hill of olives." From this, its native region, the vine has been gradually introduced into other countries. Its progressive cultivation, and removal by wandering tribes and conquerors from one part of the earth to another, associates it in a very remarkable degree with the history of the human race.

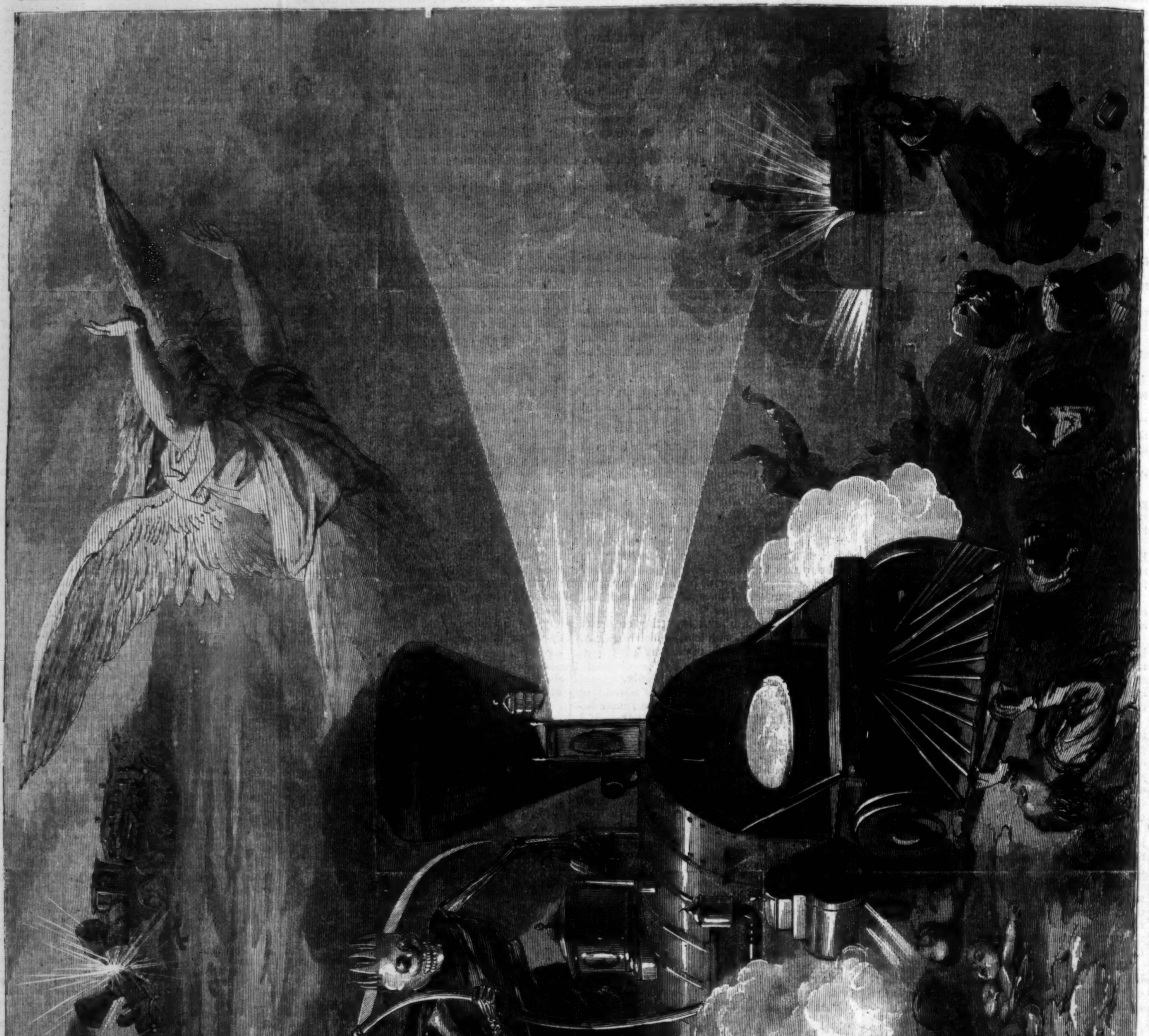
IN London there are 2638 blind persons; and the United Kingdom contains 30,000 human creatures whose rolling eyes "find no dawn."

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom more sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood. "That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady, of much observation and experience, remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tenderer and more refined feelings of the heart which is so apparent in every action, in every word." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some incident awakens within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

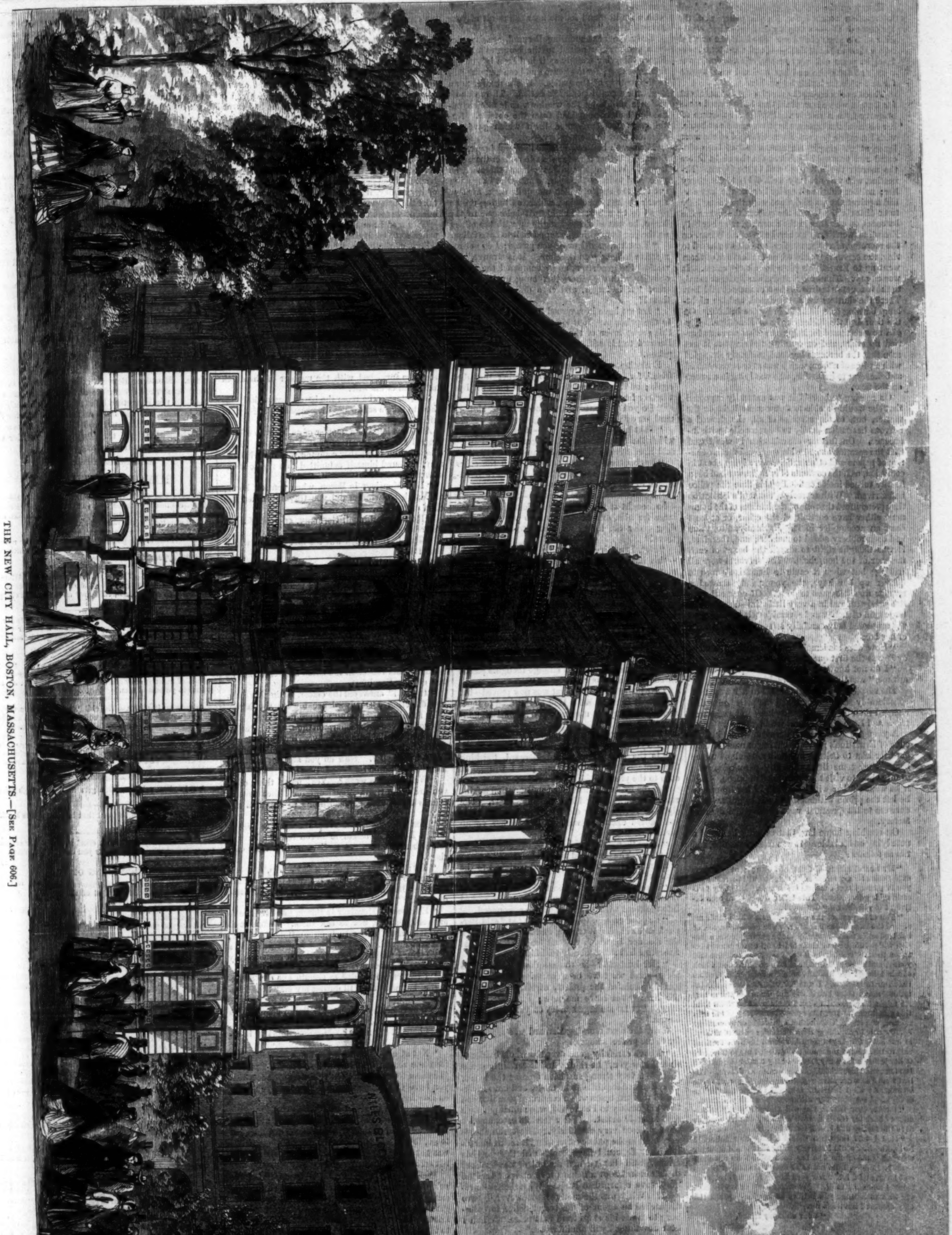
THE BEAUTY OF CAIRO.—The oldest European towns are tame and regular in comparison; and the people are so pleasant. If you smile at any thing that amuses you you get the kindest, brightest smiles in return: they give hospitality with their faces, and if one brings out a few words, "Masha-allah! what Arabic the Sitt Inkeleezeeyeh speaks!" If you have any power over any artist send him to paint here; no words can describe either the picturesque beauty of Cairo or the splendid forms of the people in Upper Egypt, and, above all, in Nubia. I was in raptures at seeing how superb an animal (man and woman) really is; my donkey-girl at Thebes, dressed like a Greek statue, "Ward-esh-Sham" (the rose of Syria) was a feast to the eyes. And here, too, what grace and sweetness! and how good is a drink of Nile water out of an amphora held to your lips by a woman as graceful as she is kindly! "May it benefit thee!" she says, smiling with her beautiful teeth and eyes. The days of the beauty of Cairo are numbered; the superb mosques are falling to decay, the exquisite lattice windows are rotting away and replaced by European glass and *jalousies;* only the people and the Government remain unchanged.

PRAYING HIM DEAD.—A correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* says: "In times of little liberality, when some men thought they did God service by persecuting those who did not exactly receive their creed, nor worship God in their way, a certain great man in Scotland grievously persecuted his tenants because they had religious meetings in private houses out of the order of the Establishment, though he never molested them when they spent their money in the ale-house. A holy, simple woman, one of those people, went out one morning to the house of the great persecutor, and desired to speak with him. The servant desired to know her message, and he would deliver it, for she could not be admitted. She told him she could deliver her message to none but his master; and it was a matter of great importance, and concerned himself intimately and alone. The servant having delivered this message, and stated that the woman appeared to have something on her mind, his worship condescended to see her. 'What is your business with me?' said he, in a haughty, overbearing tone. To which she answered, 'Sir, we are a hantle o' puir folk at ——, who are strivin' to sairve God according to our ain conscience, and to get our sauls sav'd: yee persecute us, and I am come to beg yee to let us alane; and gin yee dinna, we'll pray yee dead.' This rhetoric was irresistible. His lordship did not know what influence such people might have in heaven: he did not like to put such prayers to the proof, wisely took the old woman's advice, and e'en let them alane."

THAT gambling in the lottery excites superstitious notions is well known; the most trivial circumstance is noted; and there are books which have an enormous circulation which teach the signification of every object dreamed of. Thus, if a man dreams that he sees a crow flying, or a mouse running, or a woman nursing a baby, there are figures attached which he considers will make up a lucky number, and on which he therefore stakes his money. So constantly is the lottery in their thoughts that About, or some other writer, relates that when a soldier threw himself from the top of a column, there was a general rush toward his body, not for the purpose of rendering him assistance, but in order to see what number was on his button.



THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.—[See First Page.]



THE NEW CITY HALL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 606.]

A TRUE BILL.

EARLY on the morning of the fifteenth of April information reached the French police that the Baroness de C—— was lying dead in her bed, strangled with a piece of ribbon. She had been married as a widow to Baron de C——, and was about twenty-eight years old, very pretty, of engaging manners, and both she and her husband were known far and wide for lavish hospitality.

Three weeks before the murder the baron set out for Russia, where it was said that he inherited some property from a relative. During the absence of her husband the baroness kept very much at home, with Ernestine Lamont, a beautiful girl of the most innocent and simple manners, who had been educated and protected by her. On the night before the murder the baroness went to the Opera. Ernestine, who was not very well, did not accompany her; neither did she sit up for her, as the baroness had a private key, and did not wish the young lady to be disturbed. It was the custom that when the baroness, on awaking in the morning, rang her bell, Ernestine went first to her bedroom. When, on the morning after the murder, no bell was heard to ring, the servants wondered, and at last one of them went up to Ernestine's room to ask the cause. It was empty. Thinking that she was gone, as usual, to the baroness's bedroom, the servant went thither. There the shutters were still closed, and the night-lamp burning on a little table by the bedside. On the floor lay the lifeless body of Ernestine. The girl now screamed for help; the other servants hurried up stairs, and on opening the shutters it was seen that the baroness lay dead, evidently strangled with a piece of ribbon, which was at once recognized as belonging to Ernestine, who was lying in a swoon on the floor.

On coming to herself, it was naturally supposed that she would be able to throw some light on the matter, but, to the surprise of all, she showed a nervous hesitation hardly to be reconciled with innocence. On further examination it was found that the secretaire stood wide open, and that a quantity of papers and other articles were lying about in confusion, as if the contents of each drawer had been hastily turned inside out. By this time the police had arrived. With scarcely a moment's hesitation they pronounced that one of the inmates of the house must either have committed the crime, or at least been an accomplice in it. Evidently, also, there had been robbery added to murder; and, therefore, it was thought right to search the boxes of each member of the household. The servants were all willing; but when it came to Ernestine's turn to deliver up her keys, the young lady showed a strange unwillingness to do so. Of course the police persisted, and in a very little time discovered a large sum of money and several jewels belonging to the murdered lady carefully secreted at the bottom of her box.

"How does mademoiselle account for this money?" was the first question put to her.

"I do not know—I—can not tell—pray—do not ask me," was the hesitating reply.

The suspicions already attached to her were now considerably strengthened, and the police only discharged their duty in arresting her. The case was tried, and Ernestine Lamont found guilty.

A young lawyer named Bernard, whose knowledge of Ernestine's previous character made it very hard for him to believe her guilty, resolved to see her. After some little difficulty permission was granted him to visit the condemned in prison. But if he went thither with any faith in her innocence he left the prison without doubt of her guilt. Her answers to his questions were evasive and unsatisfactory.

On reaching home late that evening he found a note lying on his table. It was from Ernestine, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel that I owe you at least some explanation for my strange conduct, and will therefore put you in possession of the facts of the case. It is only forestalling my intention. This letter would have been delivered to you after my death.....

"You are aware of the circumstances which made me regard the baroness as a mother. You are aware, too, of her husband's fatal propensity to the gaming-table, a passion which in course of time led to an estrangement between them. The baroness was very beautiful, and still young, and failing to find that love and affection which she had hoped her husband would show her, formed an unfortunate intrigue. I was horror-struck when she informed me of this; but it was not for me to blame her. As might be expected no good could possibly result from this attachment. Her lover proved unworthy of her confidence, and succeeded, whether by threats or by menaces I know not, in obtaining from her large sums of money. It was but a few days before her death that she confided this to me, and at the same time begged me to take care of her jewels and money for her in my box, as she dreaded lest her sordid lover should obtain possession of them. The last time I saw her alive was on the night she went to the Opera. At what hour she returned I know not, for she always had a private key with her. The rest you know.

"Hence, dear friend, you will understand my reluctance to have my boxes searched, and my evasive answers as to the money and jewels found in them.

"Had I told the truth should I have been believed? No! And how could I say any thing that would dishonor the good name of one who has been more than a mother to me? Besides, I did not know even the name of her secret lover, and I had never seen him. No; it is better as it is. I am ready to die. My secret to all save you shall die with me. That you believe in my innocence is the only comfort I have left me.

"Your unhappy friend,

"ERNESTINE."

"Thank God!" murmured the young man, pressing the paper to his lips. "Henceforth I will devote my life to prove your innocence to the world. God grant it may not yet be too late!"

Late though it was, Bernard at once repaired to the prefect's house, and after some difficulty procured admission. The prefect fortunately happened to be an old friend of Bernard's father, and it was because of this that the young man was admitted at so late an hour.

"But, my good friend," said the old man, after patiently listening to all he had to say, "believe me, it is a useless task; there is no doubt that the young woman is guilty either as principal or as accomplice. Still, as you so earnestly wish it, you shall be permitted to search the apartments of the murdered lady. And now good-night," he added, with a smile, "and let me hear the result of your investigations."

Early the next morning Bernard, accompanied by a gendarme, repaired to the baroness's house. Every thing lay exactly as it had been left on the fatal morning; for the house had been and was still in the custody of the police. Not a drawer nor a cupboard escaped Bernard's notice. There was no violence visible on the windows, as if forcible admission had been gained from the outside. Nothing, in fact, presented itself which gave the slightest clew to the mystery.

The search had now occupied several hours, and Bernard felt that it was useless to remain there any longer. With a sad and heavy heart, therefore, he proceeded to leave the apartment. But in passing out into the entrée, which was quite dark, his foot struck against something, which, on taking up, he found to be a hat. Thinking it belonged to the baron, he was about to hang it up with the others on the peg from which he supposed it to have fallen.

"That hat, monsieur, if you please; I do not remember to have seen it before. It is strange," remarked the gendarme, as he compared the hat in question with the others that hung up in the entrée; "it is larger, and of a different shape to them!"

"Let me have it, my good friend; I will show it to the prisoner. If it should chance to belong to this secret lover of the murdered lady!" thought Bernard to himself, as he hurriedly drove to the prison.

Ernestine was anxiously expecting to see her friend, for he had promised to visit her that day again; and she wished to learn from his own lips whether he still believed in her innocence.

"Do you know this hat, Ernestine?" said Bernard, on entering the cell.

"That hat—good Heavens!—it is the very hat which the baron had on the night he left Paris," said Ernestine, in an excited manner.

"Impossible!—we compared it with the other hats—and this is much larger. I believe it belonged to the baroness's lover—"

"No—no—a thousand times no—it is the baron's—he bought it the very day he left. It was too large for him, and he asked me to put some wadding under the lining for him—see—if it be not there!"

"But, Ernestine, it must be fancy on your part—this hat never belonged to the baron! But—stay—you are right," added Bernard, as, on turning up the lining, the wadding fell out, and with it a piece of paper which had been used to add a little to its thickness. It was a bill written by the landlord of a hotel at Strasburg, made out in the baron's name, for a week's board and lodging. It was dated April 7—just fourteen days after his departure from Paris.

Ernestine and Bernard looked at each other for a few moments in silence, as strange thoughts passed through the mind of each.

That it was the baron's hat was now proved—but how did it come there? Had he returned to Paris secretly before the murder? Was he the murderer?

Ernestine turned deadly pale.

"Do you suppose that the baron—" she gasped.

"Is the murderer?" added Bernard, finishing the sentence. "Yes! I do. But I will go at once to the prefect."

For the first time since her condemnation a faint ray of hope was kindled in Ernestine's heart. The sight of Bernard, her old friend in happier days, had indeed excited a wish to live in her young breast.

"How thankful I am I did not say any thing at the trial. The good God will protect me!"

Bernard now left the prison and hastened to the house of the prefect.

"Well! and what did you find?" asked the old man, smiling sadly at his young friend, who rushed into the room without waiting to be announced.

"Be good enough to examine this hat," said Bernard, as he handed it to him, and recounted to him the manner in which he had found it, and what Ernestine had subsequently told him.

"Her husband!—he the murderer! Yes, it is plain—and we have been accusing an innocent girl!" ejaculated the prefect, carefully examining the hat; "but leave me now; I must think it over. But let me urge secrecy on you, and depend on me."

Early the next morning Bernard was again sent for to the prefect's house.

"I have carefully gone over the whole evidence since I saw you," he said, "and it certainly seems there is a very strong suspicion against the baron. I have caused inquiries to be made, and have ascertained that the baron was a confirmed gambler, and that his journey to Petersburg was probably only a ruse to avoid arrest. It is a terrible case, and we must proceed very cautiously. The baron stands very high in the public esteem, and it seems incredible that he could have committed this horrible crime. Still that hat and the bill of the landlord made out in his own name prove at least that he must have returned to Paris. Why should he return? What was the motive? However, I have dispatched an agent of the secret police to Strasburg to track his steps from that place. When I hear any thing I will send for you."

On arriving at Strasburg the police agent at once repaired to the Maison Rouge. The landlord perfectly remembered the baron's having staid at his hotel for a week, and having then gone, whither he could not say. The porter, however, remembered where his luggage was taken. It was to a house outside the city, on the road to Saverne, where a hired carriage was in readiness. He got into the carriage and drove off. But as the driver was an acquaintance of the porter's, it was no difficult matter to find him. He remembered the job perfectly, but averred that the gentleman's name was Thionville. He should not perhaps have paid much attention to this fact had he not had a sister living at Saverne as chambermaid in the same hotel to which he drove his fare. On inquiring at Saverne the agent found that a Monsieur Thionville had arrived at the hotel as stated, and that he had remained there four days, during the greater part of which he had kept indoors from indisposition.

The description the landlord gave of his person and luggage left no doubt on the agent's mind that he was on the right track. But nothing further could be learned. Still, one important circumstance had been proved—namely, that, instead of proceeding on his journey to Russia, he had turned back on the road to Paris, under an assumed name.

The only thing that now remained to be done was to put an advertisement in the French and German papers inviting the husband of the murdered lady to repair to Paris, in order to claim the property of his deceased wife. For, it was argued, if he had murdered her for the sake of getting possession of her money, it was very probable that he would take the bait now held out. Neither did this surmise prove to be incorrect.

Two months or thereabouts had elapsed, and the police were beginning to despair of getting further tidings of the baron, when a gentleman, attired in deep mourning, and apparently bowed down with grief, presented himself at the bureau of the police. "He had," he said, "by chance seen the fearful tidings of his wife's murder in a paper at St. Petersburg, and had hastened back to Paris as quickly as he could. The shock, however, it had caused him had brought on a severe attack of illness, from which he had only just recovered, otherwise he should have returned to Paris some weeks sooner."

Acting in obedience to the orders of his chief, the agent referred the baron to a comptoir, where he would be furnished with the register of the death and burial of his wife.

On entering the room the baron was politely invited to take a seat while the necessary papers were being found.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour an official entered the room, and requested the baron to accompany him to another comptoir, where, to his dismay, he found himself submitted to a rigorous examination.

"But, Monsieur le Baron, when you left home, on March 25, whither did you travel?" asked the chief officer.

"I traveled through Germany, en route for St. Petersburg."

"Good! But which was the first town at which you staid?"

"Strasburg!"

"Quite true!" said his questioner, referring to some papers. On what day did you arrive there?"

"On the 28th."

"Yes! and how long did you remain?"

"Let me see—yes! it was one night and half the next day," replied the baron, with a little hesitation in his manner.

"And where did you proceed to next?" resumed the officer.

After some reflection the baron answered that he had gone to Frankfort.

"Indeed!" answered the officer, raising his eyes, and directing a steady glance toward the baron. "To Frankfort! I think you are mistaken. You say you arrived at Strasburg on the 28th, where you remained till the following day. But the landlord of the Maison Rouge says that you remained at his house till April 7. How do you account for that, Monsieur le Baron?"

"Was I there a week? Yes! now I think of it, you are quite right, Monsieur; for I met several friends there, who persuaded me to lengthen my stay."

"You also state that you next went to Frankfort. But, if Monsieur le Baron reflects, he will remember that he went to Saverne in a close carriage."

"Yes; but that was only a day's trip, and had nothing to do with my journey," was the ready answer. "But may I ask, Monsieur, why all these questions?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Baron, you are here to answer questions, not to ask them. Suffice it to say, it is usual under such circumstances. Now, please to attend. You said just now it was only a day's trip, I think. How was it you came to stay four days at Saverne?"

"I had only intended to remain one day at Saverne, but was taken ill during my stay at the hotel."

"Was that why Monsieur le Baron changed his name?" continued the officer.

"Changed my name? Monsieur must be in error."

"Not at all. You took the name of Thionville, for some reason best known to yourself. But as you seem to have forgotten this circumstance, will you have the goodness to tell us where you went on leaving Saverne?"

"I returned to Strasburg."

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Baron, and allow me to refresh your memory. You went, or pretended to go, to a private house in the neighborhood. But was not Paris the goal of your journey, and did you not arrive here about April 15?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the baron, "I have submitted to these impertinent questions quite long enough. By what right you presume to interrogate me in the manner you have done I do not know. Rest assured I shall represent the matter to the Minister of Police. I wish you a very good-morning!" And the baron turned himself round to leave the room.

"Not so fast, Monsieur. I have not yet done with you," continued the officer, without noticing the interruption. "I repeat—you arrived in Paris about the 15th, and you were in your wife's bedroom on the night of the 15th and 16th."

At these words the baron leaped to his feet, his face distorted with the pangs of fear and passion.

"Calm yourself, Monsieur le Baron, I have not finished with you yet. Will you then explain, if you were not in the bedroom of your wife on the night in question—which you will remember was the very night on which she was murdered—how it was your hat was found in the passage?" And with these words he handed a hat to the baron.

All eyes were bent upon him. The baron turned deadly pale, and remained speechless for a considerable time. At last he stammered forth incoherently:

"It is not my hat. I never saw this one before—I had one like it—but not this."

"Not this!" exclaimed the relentless questioner. "Monsieur le Baron, you have been followed step by step from the day you quitted Paris to the day you returned. If this hat be not yours, then have the goodness to tell me how your bill incurred at the Maison Rouge, Strasburg, found its way underneath the lining? Please to look for yourself."

"Hotel bill!" gasped the baron, as he struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"Yes! wretched man. By that little piece of paper Providence has disclosed your crime, and has prevented an innocent girl from dying a felon's death. Confess that you entered your wife's room and committed the diabolical deed for which you would have allowed another to suffer."

But such a confession was never made.

That night Baron de C—— was safely shut up in prison till his trial should take place. All Paris rang with the news that the real murderer of the baroness had been discovered, and that he was no other than her own husband. But that night the prisoner escaped. On entering the cell on the following morning he was found lying stretched out on his couch, cold and stiff. It was supposed that, living a lawless life, he had been in the habit of carrying poison about him.

Years have elapsed since the above events took place. Monsieur Bernard soon became one of the most celebrated ornaments of the French bar, and his wife, née Ernestine Lamont, noted not only for the brilliancy of her balls and dinners, but for the affability of her manner and the courteousness of her disposition. Of the story of the murder nobody knows more than is here told.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

REASON FOR THE HOT WEATHER.—A nice old lady of our acquaintance declares that she thinks it very strange that a little quicksilver in a glass tube can make such awful hot weather by just raising it an inch or so.

The "Home of Compassion" is the name for the newest swindling dodge under the disguise of charity which has made its appearance in London.

HOW CHILDISH!—The mismanagement of the Atlantic Cable is distinctly proved by the admission of those on board the *Great Eastern*, that they have left it in charge of buoys!

A CON-GUN-DRUM.—What's the difference between a soldier who's served his ammunition and a soldier who's served his country? The first'll discharge his musket, the second must get his discharge.

Do not meddle with what does not concern you. Recollect that when the hounds are furiously fighting for a morsel of meat if they see a jackall pass they set off together in pursuit of him.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—The child's mind is like a virgin sheet of letter-paper; and its address in after-life will depend entirely upon the way in which you direct it.

A man has just taken out a patent for luminous hats. They would, he says, preserve the wearers from being run over at night, and would, to some extent, enable a saving in the lighting of streets.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

Tell a man in a single word that he took a late breakfast.—*At-ten-u-ate.*

Do not attach yourself to a cruel man; sooner or later you will find him as pitiless for you as he is for others.

A NICE THING OF IT.

They give books very odd names nowadays: "What Will He Do With It?" "Out of the Depths." "Such Things Are," and the like.

A dry fellow stepped into a bookseller's shop the other day, and asked the shopman,

"Have you got the 'Woman in White?'"

"Yes," replied he.

"'All Alone?'" said the inquirer.

"Yes," responded the shopman.

"'In the Dark?'" still queried the stranger.

"Yes, Sir!" promptly replied the attendant.

"Well, all I've got to say is," retorted the questioner, as he turned to the door, "you've got a mighty nice thing of it. Good-by!"

The shopman was in a very low state at last accounts, but it is hoped that careful nursing will bring him "Out of the Depths."

INGENIOUS ICHTHYOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—We are more than pleased to have it in our exclusive power to state—and the statement will probably allay the fears of many an over-excited, fervid member of the Church—that the much-talked of and much-dreaded "*Seal* of Confession" turns out, after all, to be no other than that harmless creature known to all showmen, such as Barnum and the like, as "The Talking Fish."

A coxcomb asked a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?" "No, Sir, but if you'll be pleased to sit down I'll t-t-try."

A late heavy fall of rain showed one ludicrous sight—an attempt to crowd two fashionably-dressed women under one umbrella.

QUITE CONTRARIWISE.—We are told that "like cures like." We wish our clever homeopaths would invent a much more valuable system to Society by which "dislikes should cure dislikes."

A clergyman said in a recent sermon that the *path of rectitude* had been traveled so little of late years it had completely run to grass.

Ice that doesn't cool you—The summer solst-*ice*.

FELO DE SE.—Verdict on an old beau's black mustache—Dyed by his own hand.

The worst kind of oil to have any thing to do with—turm-oil.

The witch of Endor seems to have been a violent woman. When Saul visited her she *raised Sam*.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle fills many a bier.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.

ALLEGORICAL.—NOBODY GOING NOWHERE IN NO TIME.

DRAWINGS OF CORK.—Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister-kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been to Cork? "No, Sir," replied Foote; "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

RATHER SHARP.—"I live in my charmer's eyes," said a fop to Colman. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "for I observed she had *a sty* in them when I saw her last."

WANTED.—A correct standard for measuring the height of absurdity, and a slipper from the foot of a dancing moonbeam.

All lawyers may be said to belong to the *Fee*-nian Brotherhood.

A SHREWD ASTROLOGER.—An astrologer having predicted the death of a woman with whom Louis XI. of France was in love, and which the chapter of accidents had been so kind as to verify, the prince sent for him, and sternly told him, "You, Sir, who foretell every thing, pray when shall you die?" The astrologer coolly replied, "I shall die, Sire, three days before your Majesty." This reply so alarmed the king that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his palaces and taken care of.

The most unpleasant vocation in the world—*Pro*-vocation.

BAXTER AND JUDGE JEFFRIES.—When Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffries, "Richard," said the chief-justice, "I see a rogue in thy face." "I did not know," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

A cross-grained old bachelor says that "tin" is the favorite *belle*-metal nowadays.

UNEASY RESTING-PLACE—The seat of war.

HABITS OF EXTRAVAGANCE—Ladies' dresses.

What commodity is always afforded at cost?—The law.

MASTER OF HIS HOUSE.—A traveler coming up to an inn, and seeing the host standing at the door, said, "Pray, are you the master of this house?" "Yes, Sir," answered the landlord, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THAT was a joyous, hopeful morning, that 23d July, in the Kingdom of Kerry, and over all the adjacent royalty of the island of Valentia, for from the recondite Bay of Firthummerum there was to go forth a thread across the sea, down in the depths of the Atlantic, to take up the warp and woof of the web with which these remote Irishry have bound themselves to the Western world. There was indeed a microcosm on the edge of the cliffs, and people of very different condition and degree had been attracted there by the influence of the Atlantic cable. There sat the lady of May Fair in the affected coarseness of her sea-side finery, watching the beat of the sidling wave on the boulders at her feet, and around her wide-eyed in fluttering rags wandered and wondered the unkempt children of the natives, gathering and eating sea-weed from the rocks. The London millionaire sauntered through the crowd of weather-beaten dejected men, half fishermen, half husbandmen, who struggle generation after generation against an unfruitful soil and with rude seas for half a livelihood. Dandy capitalists as they lay on the sward (the centres of circles of rustic admirers) talked of Goodwood and grouse through a hum of Erse. The most ancient type of pig known to these isles scratched his long line of rattling ribs against the newest form of telegraph posts. Beside the hut, almost as destitute of internal comfort as an Indian wigwam, rose the smart telegraph house, stored with the subtlest instruments for measuring the subdued lightning. All the energy, polish, and speculative mind of civilization were in close contact with the lassitude, gaunt uncouthness, and passive indifference of a race which is now animated only by the hope of exile and emigration.

It was a serious disappointment to the many who had journeyed a hundred miles for the sight, that the *Great Eastern* did not come to Valentia or close inshore. But they are used to disappointments, even in potatoes. Nor did the men-of-war give them a chance; but the *Hawk* and the *Caroline* rolled thrice as much as any vessels else could do; and besides, the *Princess Alexandra* ballast-bound yacht was there, so that what with a few yachts, and the pleasant presence of the chief secretary, and strange Saxon cablemen in knickerbockers, and fair Saxon ladies in kirtles, and some streaks of smoke on the horizon, there was really a good deal of interest and excitement provided for the masses on the occasion. It was a great thing to see the shore-end carried up into the telegraph-house, and many forms of the nose were obtused in curious planes against the windows, in order to keep the eager eyes fixed on the operators, who were then generally engaged in operating on meats and drinks. It was greater still to behold that famous roller, the *Caroline*, steam out westward, trailing the shore-end after her, till she ran below the horizon altogether. The Knight of Kerry—hospitable, gracious Lord of Valentia, who has faith in some unproven theorem that the cable will work much good to his kingdom—works as hard as if the good would at once come to pass. And at last the time comes when the *Great Eastern* is to begin her functions, and the operation of laying the Atlantic cable really commences. Now, in a few words, let us endeavor to understand what that operation was—correct some errors, and make a few reflections, premising that our readers are supposed to be fully acquainted with the details of the Diary published in the newspapers. The cable stowed in the *Great Eastern* was of a form recommended by a committee of scientific and practical men. There was not a moment during which it was let alone, and on all occasions it responded to the tests. Therefore it was considered so perfect that "a fault" was not expected to occur in the laying down. There are many people who don't know what "a fault" is—who are ignorant of the meaning of "dead earth." Let us explain—

When the insulation of the core of the cable is perfect there is a certain amount of resistance to the passage of an electric current through it which is measured by the deflection of a suspended magnet, to which is attached a tiny mirror, so placed as to catch the light of a lamp through a small aperture, and to reflect it on a graduated index. This is a description of Thomson's galvanometer. The movement of the light measures the opposition encountered by the current in going along the copper, and when the resistance is diminished very much the magnet is proportionably deflected by the increased flow of electricity, and the light moves to the extremity of the scale or vanishes off it altogether. Now if an injury be done to the gutta percha, so that the copper is exposed to the action of a conducting body, the escape of the current takes place from the hole in accordance with certain fixed laws—part going off to the conductor and part continuing its course along the copper to the end of the cable. The escape is at once detected by the galvanometer, and the electricians know "a fault" has occurred. Sometimes the electro-chemical current, by temporary deposits of gas or salts of copper in the injury, mends the fault; and if the wound be not very large, so as to lay bare the copper in contact with a conducting medium, there is generally enough of current to transmit signals. But, as a rule, the tendency of "faults" is to increase rapidly; so that a cable in which one is detected can not be considered at all safe, and may indeed become useless in a moment. "Dead earth" is a deadly fault. It means that an injury has been caused to the gutta percha of such a nature that a perfect contact has been established between the copper core and some other good conductor; and in that case all the current passes away, and the galvanometer indicates that there is no resistance to its passage—the insulation of the cable being destroyed so that no message whatever can be sent by it. There is no course to be pursued when "dead earth" occurs but to take up the cable and remove the injured portion; and if that can not be done, to abandon the enterprise and consider the portion which is laid as useless for electrical purposes. In the case of "a fault," the judgment of the electricians is called into play, and they have to decide whether it is of such a description as to render it imperative for the engineers to undertake the risk of picking up the cable and taking it out, or if it can be worked through with reasonable chances of endurance. To guide them to a decision they generally try to "break down" the fault, as it is called, by increasing the battery power so much as to produce "dead earth" by the action of the current; in which case the cable must be taken up, and if they fail, they may work through the wire with a reduced number of cells.

By wonderful application and close watching, by the nicest calculations, by exquisite instruments, by tabulated formulæ in which the agency of heat, of water-pressure, of conductivity, of induction, of the subtlest physical laws are reduced to appreciable agencies, electricians are enabled to work up to the "fault" or "dead earth" miles and miles away in the depths of the Atlantic, and to estimate its distance and its magnitude. Then "picking up" is resorted to. When the "fault" or "dead earth" is hauled on board, they can detect the place at once; the injured piece is removed, and a splice and joint are made between the severed ends of the cable. This is done by laying bare the copper wires, filing them to a neat section like the splices of a fishing-rod, soldering them over, binding the splice with fine wire, and then, by means of a lamp, covering it with layer after layer of gutta percha and Chatterton's non-conducting compound till it is in a fit state to have the lengths of protecting wire covered with manilla drawn down and twisted together over it, so as to make the joint stronger than the original cable. That done, the cable is handed over to the engineers, who resume the process of paying out.

The gentleman in charge of the electrical arrangements and testing of the cable was Mr. de Sauty, the experienced electrician of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, assisted by Mr. Saunders, Mr. Willoughby Smith, and other able and zealous officers of the company's staff. The principal person on board the ship was Mr. S. Canning, engineer of the company, who superintended the paying out and picking up, and who was charged with the control of the whole expedition; and next to him was Mr. Clifford, who was the head of the mechanical department. Both these gentlemen were assisted by Messrs. Temple and an able and experienced staff, and had under their orders a corps of cable-layers, smiths, artificers, and skillful mechanics of all kinds. Captain Anderson, one of the officers of the Cunard line of steamers, was in command of the *Great Eastern*; and as he rightly considered that in critical moments all his attention would be demanded by the management of the vast ship, application was made to the Lords of the Admiralty for the assistance of an officer who would take charge of the navigation; and Staff Commander Moriarty, of the *Fox*, whose services on board the *Agamemnon*, in 1858, ought to make his name familiar to the public, was allowed leave of absence for the purpose of giving his aid to Captain Anderson. They worked together with the utmost zeal and harmony; and in all their calculations, made under the greatest difficulties, agreed within a few seconds as to the ship's position after drifting in unknown currents amidst fogs and storm.

There were two companies represented on board. The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company had chartered the *Great Eastern* to lay the cable they had contracted to put down from Valentia to Newfoundland for the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and their officers had the sole control of the expedition and all matters connected with it; but on the completion of the work the representatives of the Atlantic Telegraph Company took possession of the cable and came into power.

Mr. Varley, eminent as an electrician, was strictly enjoined not to interfere or to express an opinion concerning any of the operations in the testing-room. He was ordered by his board not even to give his advice if he were asked for it, unless the demand were made in writing, and in that case he was only to answer in writing, and to insert in the written document a distinct declaration that the opinion so given was not in any way to bind the company which he represented. Professor W. Thomson, of Glasgow, whose name is known over Europe, and who is certainly one of the most distinguished and acute physicists in the world, was admitted on board as a sort of scientific aid-de-camp to Mr. Varley, but he was not to depart from the course indicated by the board to his principal. Mr. Field, as director of the New York board, and general representative of the company, was in possession of the test messages inclosed in sealed envelopes, which were to be opened as soon as the cable was declared to be in readiness for their transmission. So there were two gentlemen full of suggestions and ideas and formulas, reduced to silence—two great guns, spiked as it were, but charged to the muzzle. They were nigh bursting, and no wonder; no wonder, too, if they were driven to resent unconsciously the position in which they were placed by large speculative discourses in private, and by rigid critical remarks, which must in such cases assume a censorial character. In the gravest discussions they held no part. The only way in which they could give utterance to their feelings was by asking questions.

Captain Hamilton, one of the directors of the Atlantic Company, was stationed at Valentia to receive the test messages and to enter on possession of the station at Firthummerum as soon as the task of the contractors was over. Mr. Booth represented the *Great Eastern* directors on board the ship. Among the passengers not directly engaged in the operation were M. Jules Despescher, of Paris, the author of a scheme for laying an Atlantic cable from the Peninsula, *viâ* the Azores and St. Pierre, to America; Dr. W. H. Russell, engaged to write a history of Atlantic telegraphy, and who subsequently acceded to the request of the directors of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company to compile a Diary of the proceedings on board; Mr. R. Dudley, who was to illustrate the book; Mr. J. C. Deane; Mr. H. O'Neil, the distinguished painter of "Eastward, Ho!" and "Westward, Ho!" and several young gentlemen to whom, in various capacities, the directors had granted passages. As Mr. Seward was in a restive mood, he would not recommend President Johnson to order any United States man-of-war to accompany the expedition; but as the capital is almost exclusively English, the work English, and the companies English, their absence was only to be regretted as an indication of Mr. Seward's ill-health and pettishness.

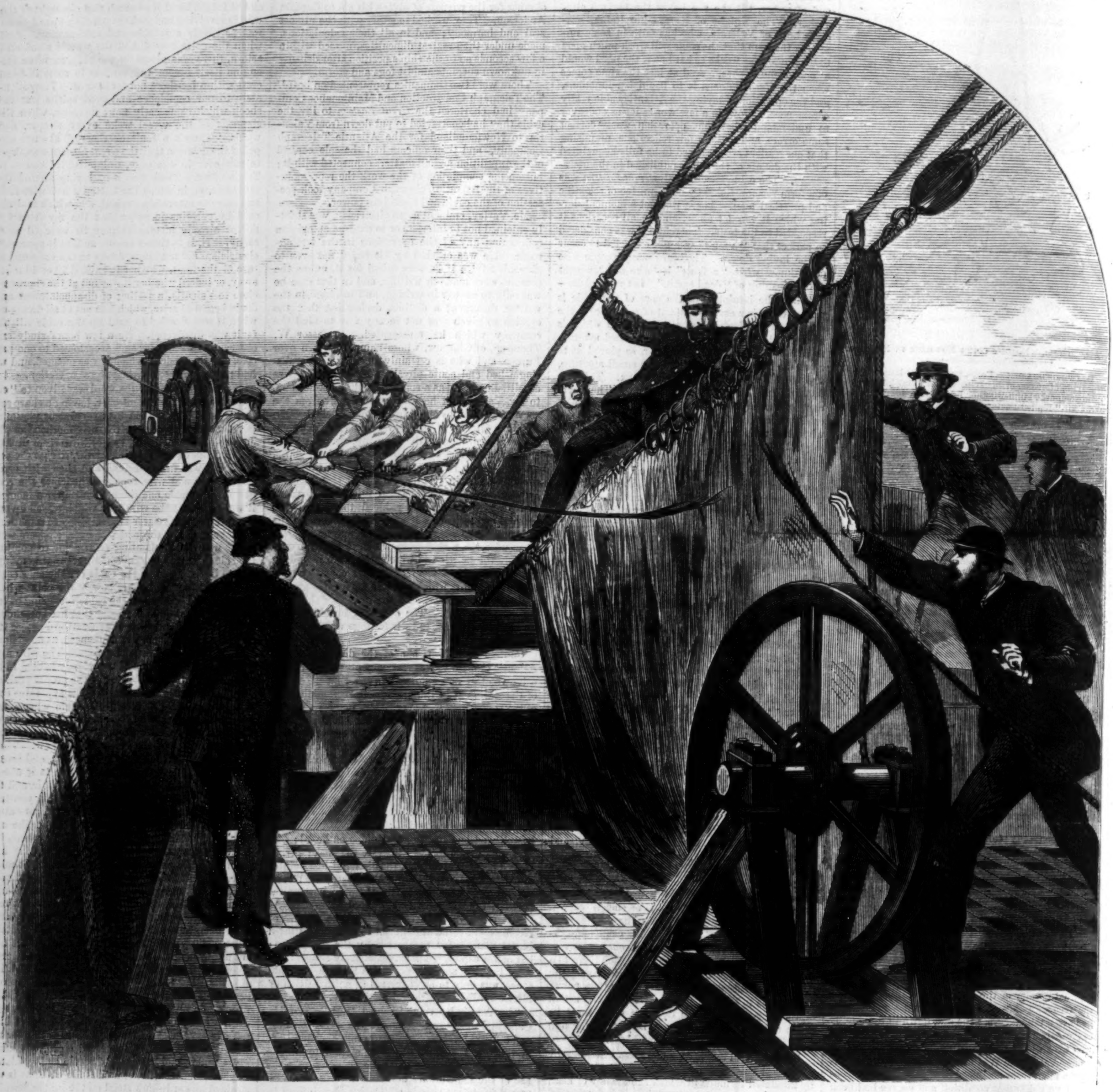
The Admiralty commissioned H.M.S. *Terrible*, Captain Napier, to accompany the *Great Eastern*, and ordered H.M.S. *Sphinx*, Captain V. Hamilton, destined for the North American station, to proceed across in company, and to take soundings for the use of the expedition; and Admiral Hope was directed to station vessels off Trinity Bay to meet it, and to render the undertaking all the aid in his power. Thus far every thing seemed to promise well, and as one of the directors said, "If we fail to lay the cable now, it will be owing to some trivial circumstance we can not foresee or guard against." The *Great Eastern* was in good condition for the voyage, and only wanted some repairs to her boilers, and the removal of many tons of mussels and barnacles from her bottom, to make her in the best possible form for speed and stability. Her floats were, however, reefed, so that her maximum speed was not more than nine knots an hour, which was two knots more than the highest rate at which it was intended to pay out the cable. Provisions in abundance—droves of oxen, flocks of sheep, farm-yards of poultry, geese, and ducks, tons of ice, furnished materials for monster bills of fare; and the crowing of cocks in the early morning, the bleating and bahing of sheep, the cackling of geese and quacking of ducks intermingled strangely with the puffing and blowing of donkey-engines, and the hiss and rush of the great Atlantic waves which seethed around us. As for the lowing of kine and oxen, it was soon cut short, as a murrain came on the cattle, which were killed to save their lives day after day, till not one was left. We did not know till our return that a pestilence had broken out among the bovinæ in England.

The decks of the ship were perforated with more chimneys than I could ever count. They seemed to grow and die in the course of a night—one here, another there. Great iron cranes stood up stiffly, as if they had mistaken the ship for a quay-wall, and had got on board by accident. Carpenters' benches, forges, anvils, were mixed up with a flotilla of boats, all got in-board (except two for fear of "a man overboard"), in order to be out of the way of the cable stoppers all over the deck; and, turn which way we might, it was nigh hopeless to try and evade the volumes of smoke which were hurled out of smoke-stacks and funnels, bow, amidships, and astern. The first evening of our starting was delightful, but at night the rumble of machinery as the cable flew out was too pronounced at first to be agreeable. That, however, was so monotonous and regular that we soon grew used to it, and at length liked it so much that the sight of the wheels revolving and jockeys jumping up and down was positively agreeable and exhilarating. And when the noise ceased, and the wheels stood still astern, there was gloom in the ship, as when the engine itself becomes motionless in some ill-fated craft with a lee-shore not far distant. Proportionately to our confidence and good spirits was the shock which came early next morning, when the stoppage of the vessel woke every sleeper, and words, "There's a fault overboard," at once dispelled the delusion that the *Great Eastern* was about to run over in one easy, uninterrupted course to Trinity Bay. There was a gathering around the testing-room, in which the batteries and wire ends and galvanometers are worked, and which is darkened by curtains in order that the ray from the mirror already mentioned may be watched more easily. Then as time wore on, and, as it appeared, electricians did not know, owing to the varying nature of the fault, whether it existed 20 or 40 miles away, or indeed whether it was not at the shore-end close to Valentia, a feeling of disappointment and doubt began to arise, which was not at all decreased when it was decided to haul up the cable till the fault was discovered. By a few hours' study and observation we had become accustomed to one process, and the mode in which it was effected, and we had no curiosity to see the reverse operation.

When all was ready the word was given to "cut the cable," and the executioner, having a sharp saw in his hand, approached his unconscious victim as it reposed somewhere in the neighborhood of the jockey-wheels, and with two or three rasps divided the iron sinews and copper marrow, so that the sea-ward end was drawn astern, and then with chain and hawser and wire rope splashed into the sea; *that* always made one jump. But after a moment it was seen that the wire rope which sawed up and down through the water held on stiffly to something or other. When the end was over, stoppers were let go with much shouting from point to point of the side; but it happened sometimes that wire rope had to be let go after the cable ere the ship could be brought round with her bow to the point where her stern had been when the cable was being payed out; and it was quite necessary that her bow should be turned eastward instead of westward before the picking-up operation was commenced, as an oblique strain would have been dangerous. The wire rope being secured at the bows was slowly hauled in by the picking-up machinery when the proper position of the ship had been attained. This apparatus consisted of a series of V wheels, drum wheels, and spur wheels, worked by two small steam-engines on the deck, which were supplied with steam by boilers at the sides of the ship near the bow. There was a dynamometer and an indicator, and breaks and breaksmen; but it seemed to me as if one of the engines, at all events, was an old affair, and the other, if new, certainly did not rejoice in youthful strength and efficiency, as its eccentric got out of gear, and had to be helped with a handspike and an elastic bandage. If "paying out" very soon became monotonous in its regularity, if cutting and letting go the cable was always exciting, it must be confessed that "taking in" never for a moment suffered the men to rest, and that "picking-up" combined tediousness and feverish excitement to a degree never equaled except in some masterly surgical operation. Not a soul save some solitary sailor on duty was visible near the stern, which had but a few moments before contained all the energy of official life, curiosity, and amateur observation of the floating town. To the bows they clustered, officers and all, and gazed down on the black cable, which was always animated with a strenuous *vis inertiæ*, and fought as hard as the sea-serpent himself against the force which brought it in over the wheel at the bow. There again Mr. Canning, Mr. Clifford, and their staff directed and regulated. Captain Anderson now watched the cable as it was strained upward—now stood on the bridge, keeping his eye on the head of the ship, and giving orders for her management, and the acoustic tube and whistle which was carried from the bow to the bridge communicated the various demands to "go ahead with the screw," or to "turn astern," or to "stop her," which the varying relations of ship and cable demanded.

When the first piece of wire was found in the cable no one had any idea but that it was there by accident; and as the cable was perfect up to the moment of sending the last tests from the ship to the shore, it at once occurred to us that the wire had been driven into the cable while it was passing through the machinery astern. But when the fault of July 29th was examined, a strong suspicion was at once aroused that the injury was caused by some villain on board, for the wire was driven in an artistic manner right through the cable from side to side. Several attempts to pierce the cable by pressing similar pieces of wire against it with the heel utterly failed. The men declared it was the work of an assassin. Had he been caught the world might have heard something of an attempt to administer Lynch law. One man was suspected, but there was no evidence against him. When the last fault took place M. Despescher, on guard in the tank, saw one of the cablemen stoop down to tie his shoe-string. That was nothing if men were not suspicious. Besides that man did not belong to the gang then at work, but came down before his time. Then Mr. Field, who followed M. Despescher, heard a scraping of wire, and the men heard it too, and called out to the man on deck.

Some people seem to think that the mischief could have been avoided if the man on deck had heard the alarm; but that is not so, as the cable could not then have been arrested in its course overboard. The only advantage gained would have been the warning to the electricians, that a wire had gone over sticking out of the cable. As it is, the nature of the third fault must be a mystery for the present. It is only surmise that it was caused by another end of wire. An examination of the cable shook all faith in its alleged perfection, for it was found that sev-



THE BREAKING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE ON BOARD THE "GREAT EASTERN," AUGUST 2, 1865.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

eral pieces of wire were broken in the coils, and some of the wire proved to be brittle and ill-tempered. This discovery allayed the excitement caused by the suspicion of malice, but it damnified the character of the cable, as it revealed a strong suicidal tendency on its part. As yet that grave question of accident or design is undecided. Our subsequent exploit, however, tends to diminish the chances of malicious injury materially. For who will run the risk of detection, especially under the close inspection to be established in future, in order to inflict an injury which can be at once found out, and which can be hooked up from the deepest part of the Atlantic? A few words as to the grappling, which has excited so much attention. The final breakage of the cable took us all by surprise. Nothing was ready. No buoy could be slipped over. But Staff Commander Moriarty and Captain Anderson determined the exact position of the extreme part of the cable actually laid to be in lat. 51° 24′ 40″ N., long. 39° 4′ 30″ W.—to the actual seconds—and then they marked down the ground or sea gone over in the picking up till the cable broke, and traced the end to lat. 51° 25′, long. 39° 1′. On noon of the 3d, the *Great Eastern* having steamed and drifted in a fog 46 miles E. of the end of cable, began to grapple, caught it in 2000 fathoms, and slipped buoy No. 1 close to the line of cable and 10 miles W. of the first lift of it on August 4. Then she drifted 7 or 8 miles S.E. of the buoy in a fog till noon of 5th August, and at noon on 6th August she was 16 miles further to the eastward, enveloped in fog again, and had to steam to the westward, groping her way and looking for the buoy till she got within 3 miles of the broken end, and grappled the cable again. Then, when the second swivel broke on August 8, she slipped buoy No. 2 to mark the spot, some 10 miles W. of buoy No. 1, and left these two marks on the ocean when she was obliged to abandon the attempt. Sailors alone can appreciate the extraordinary skill displayed in the proceedings thus simply stated.

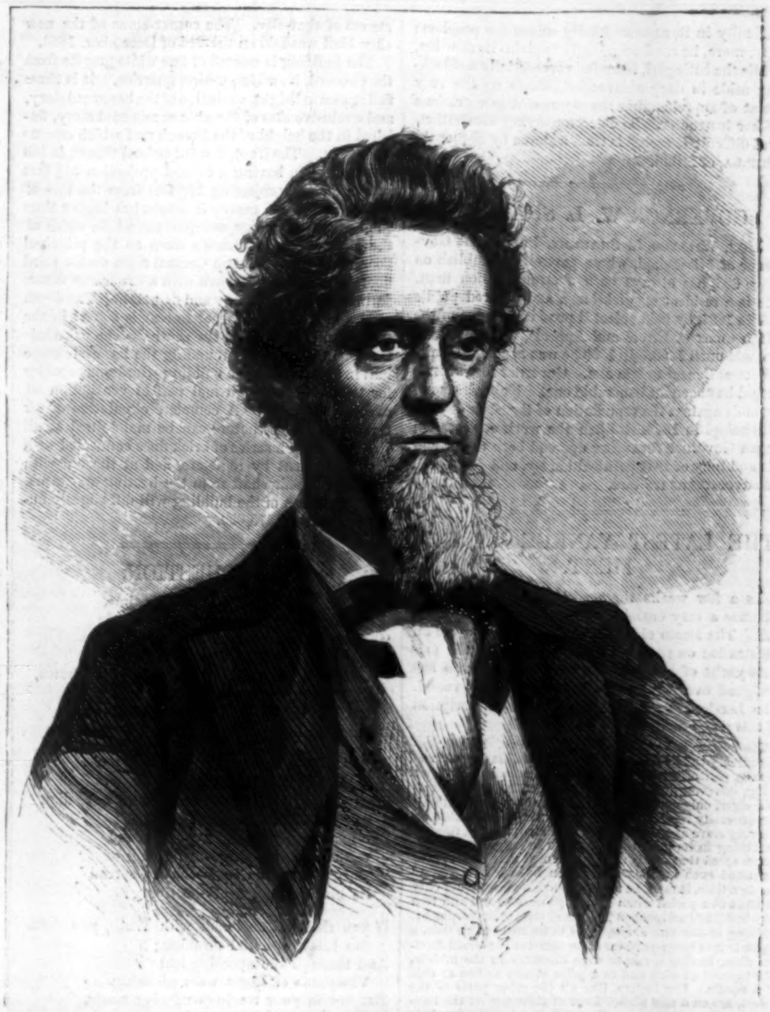
The results of the Atlantic Telegraph Expeditions of 1857, 1858, and 1865, fairly analyzed, present the following general conclusions: A submarine cable can be laid between Ireland and Newfoundland, for it was done in 1858. Messages can be sent through a cable so laid, even if it were not perfectly insulated. The difficulties in the laying of a submarine cable are much diminished by the use of one ship instead of two, and the *Great Eastern* affords singular facilities for the operation. If a cable be broken, it can be caught by grapnels in the deepest water of the Atlantic plateau; and therefore the danger of losing it altogether from fracture is considerably diminished. The cable can be stopped when a fault is discovered, and ten miles of it can be hauled on board from a depth of more than two miles. A fault can be cut out, and the cable respliced on board with the greatest ease. Buoys can be moored in upward of 2000 fathoms of water, so as to ride out a gale without shifting. Faults, whether designed or accidental, can be almost immediately detected and remedied. The insulation of the cable is much improved by immersion. The cable is capable of bearing ten times the weight to which it is subjected in the process of paying out in 2400 fathoms. The paying-out machinery answers perfectly; the picking-up machinery is exceedingly imperfect; and, finally, it is most desirable to have a cable so constructed that the outer covering shall, if possible, be proof against injury; for, although the cable furnished by "The Construction and Maintenance Company" was exceedingly pliable, sank easily, and was of proper specific gravity, it appears to have been liable to accidental or intentional damage. Could the cable have been payed out without the occurrence of a fault, the *Great Eastern* would have accomplished her task with as much ease and certainty as the packet-boat travels from Folkestone to Boulogne. Picking-up must always be attended with a certain amount of risk; the risk indeed may be much diminished by the construction of a proper apparatus; but the principal improvement to be effected lies in obviating the necessity of transferring the end of the cable from the stern to the bow. There is no reason of a mechanical nature to prevent the paying-out apparatus being so adjusted as to have a reverse action, and, by the aid of steam, to be fitted for hauling in the cable; but if it shall be found undesirable to unite these two functions in the one machine, there is certainly no solid objection to the erection of a picking-up apparatus astern, side by side with the paying-out machinery. Nautically there is a difficulty. A large ship, particularly the *Great Eastern*, will not go stern to windward or keep to the sea; but Mr. Gooch has proposed the means of steering the *Great Eastern* stern foremost by means of a small double screw placed at the stern, under her quarter, which promised effectually to obviate any difficulty in working picking-up machinery placed in the stern of the vessel. Although the grappling of a cable at the bottom of the ocean was a very great feat, it may be at once admitted no one ever contemplated the possibility of effecting it. What has yet to be proved after all is, whether the cable can be taken up from the bottom to the surface and secured on board the vessel?

It may be observed that the cable only weighs fourteen hundred weight per mile in the water, and that it is made to bear the strain of seven miles of its own weight; but we have already seen that such calculations are not to be relied upon; swivel, bolts, and hawsers gave way at strains far inferior to the estimated breaking-point. In grappling for the cable the point to be aimed at is one mile or so from the broken end; because if the grapnel catches there, the loose end as it comes up will hang perpendicularly for a certain distance from the grapnel with a line of cable hooked at the other side, and will, in all probability, become entwined with it as the wire rope revolves in the water while it is being pulled up to the bow. Should the grapnel catch the cable at a point eight or ten miles from the end it may be found necessary to bear upon the cable till it breaks, in order to get the end for the purposes just mentioned.

There are no currents at the bottom of the Atlantic—all is a black void, in which it is doubtful if there is a trace of life, or light, or motion; it is asserted that star-fish, with minute and almost microscopic shell-fish in their stomachs, have been taken up from the bottom of the Atlantic; and, as there were traces of color on their bodies, it has been argued that the light must penetrate the abyss to a certain extent; but our reasoning on these points is as likely to be fallacious as our knowledge is limited, and the only positive information we have is, that the bottom where the cable lies consists of the finest ooze, and that there is no current or agitation of the waters beneath. Should the *Great Eastern* pick up the cable, splice it, and return to Trinity Bay with the remainder payed out, the Company would be in possession of two cables instead of one—there is not the least fear of there being a deficiency of work for both. New York has at least as much to say to London as it has to San Francisco; and between Europe and America the wants of civilization will need a dozen lines of telegraph as soon as the means of gratifying them are developed.

There is another consideration connected with the extension of submarine telegraphs of very great importance. We have seen that cables can be grappled for and caught, and even though it may not be possible to take them up, it is certain they can be destroyed. In event of war, therefore, an enemy's cruiser could not only interrupt communication between the one portion of the belligerent state and the other connected by submarine telegraph, but might cut off the communication between one continent and another, in order to annoy the enemy and interrupt his connection with neutral states. Whatever understanding may be arrived at, no one who has witnessed the operations of the *Great Eastern*, in her recent expedition, can doubt of the very speedy establishment of telegraphic communication between Europe and America across the Atlantic, and of its rapid development by the facilities which the monster ship so singularly possesses for work her designer and builder never intended or contemplated.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM L. SHARKEY, OF MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 606.]



HON. J. S. YERGER, OF MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 607.]

"FRATERNAL ASSISTANCE."

This picture, by the Düsseldorf artist F. Boser, arrests the eye by virtue of its fine tone, perfect naturalness, and a certain spirit and freshness rather unusual among foreign pictures. Nothing can be more simply natural or descriptive than the expressions of these little folk. The good housewife, whose multifarious duties, in addition to superintending her little daughter's education, are indicated by the half-peeled potato, the pin-cushion and scissors, the ball of knitting-worsted, and other articles in this humble interior, to say nothing of the birch, doubtless in terrorem merely stuck behind the looking-glass—the housewife, we say, has evidently set the little girl too hard a sum. So, in the absence of mamma, there is perhaps a little innocent roguery going on. The little maiden appeals for assistance to her brother, who is, mind you, an old and profound mathematician (at least a year older than herself), and has prosecuted his studies at some seminary of learning in or near the village. This wise brother then comes and sits down on her stool, and, smiling at the notion that she should find a

THE DIFFICULT LESSON.

FRATERNAL ASSISTANCE.

difficulty in it, at once kindly solves the problem; nay, more, he condescendingly explains its solution, while the little girl, listening reverentially and looking aside in deep abstraction, seems on the very point of apprehending the abstruse demonstrations of her instructor. The accompanying illustration, "A difficult Lesson," is from a statue by Signor A. BIELLA, of Milan.

GOVERNOR W. L. SHARKEY.

HON. WILLIAM L. SHARKEY, Provisional Governor of Mississippi, whose portrait we publish on page 605, has always been a strong Union man. He is a resident of Vicksburg, and entered public life in 1834, by being elected presiding Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, which position he held until 1858. In 1859 he was appointed United States Consul to Havana. Governor SHARKEY'S record has been an honorable one. He took strong grounds against the repudiation of the State debt of Mississippi in 1849. When the work of secession began Governor SHARKEY opposed both the principle and folly of that political heresy, and denounced its advocates as traitors.

THE LATEST YANKEE EXPERIMENT.

IN a few weeks there will be afloat upon the Thames a very curious novelty in naval architecture. The steam cigar yacht, of which we give an illustration on page 597, is being built as the private yacht of Mr. WINANS of Baltimore, who has designed every thing connected with the vessel. The London *Times* gives the following description of this novel affair:

The hull, as the hull of a ship, looks one of the most extraordinary things it is possible to imagine. It is immensely long, perfectly round, resembling the shape of a cigar, being, however, finely pointed at both ends, instead of, as in a cigar, only one. The form is so at variance with all our generally received notions of nautical beauty that we can only stare at it in mute astonishment, though there is something in its long, tapering lines so suggestive of immense speed that one is almost ashamed that no one ever suggested such an idea before. In justice, however, to our own time, it must be said that such a vessel could only be built at a period when iron ships were in use and iron ship-building had reached its highest state of development. Looking at her now she appears to be little more than a gigantic iron main-yard for some vessel of the *Great Eastern* class, having a rather wide diameter in the middle, and tapered at each end to a point almost as fine as that of a needle. Her boilers, like all the other parts of the vessel, are on a new plan. Four of them are on the locomotive principle, with vertical tubes. A blast fan is to give them draught, and they are to work at one hundred and fifty pounds pressure. This is a great power; but as the boilers are built far stronger than even locomotive boilers, it is asserted that they could be worked up to one thousand pounds, or even one thousand one hundred pounds per square inch with safety. There are one hundred and thirty-six feet of fire bar surface, and it is expected that, with the aid of the blast fan, each of these one hundred and thirty-six feet can be made to burn fifty pounds of coal per hour. If the furnaces can accomplish this, then, according to the rule which gives one nominal horse-power for every two and a half pounds of coals consumed per hour, Mr. WINANS'S yacht will be working at nearly two thousand five hundred horse-power. In our best mail steamships, on their fastest trips, it is found difficult to burn thirty pounds of coal per foot of fire bar surface per hour. If Mr. WINANS, then, burn fifty pounds, he will be working up to nearly two thousand five hundred horse-power, or at the rate of eight indicated horse-power to every ton burden of his vessel. In very fast ocean-going steamers the ratio of horse-power to tonnage is only about two and a half tons to one nominal horse-power. The advantage which the cigar ship possesses in this respect, together with those which her slender form, smooth surface, and very small midship section (only one hundred feet) will give, should enable her to go at an extraordinary speed. It is said that, as regards motion at sea, rolling and pitching will be reduced to a minimum, and certainly her form seems to suggest that such a result will very probably be effected. With very small masts and all her weights well below the water-line, she is not likely to roll. But if she does not pitch, but cuts through the water, she will "take it in over all," and in that case, with her upper deck so near the sea, we should fancy that it would be swept fore and aft. The extreme length of the vessel over all is two hundred and fifty-six feet, and her greatest width and depth is, of course, amidships, where the circle is sixteen feet diameter. Thus, then, her length is no less than sixteen times that of her greatest width, ordinary vessels being thought very narrow if their width is only one-seventh of their length.

THE NEW CITY HALL, BOSTON.

THE dedication of the new City Hall at Boston, of which we give an illustration on page 601, will take place on Monday, the 18th of September. It is expected that it will be fully occupied by the several departments of the city government immediately after.

The necessity for a new and larger Hall has been felt in Boston for many years, and the needs of the city have increased from time to time with the growth of population and the increase of public business. As early as 1838 the erection of a suitable building was proposed, and the necessary land on School Street was soon after purchased, but in 1840 it was decided to alter the old Court House, and for some years that building afforded all the room required.

The subject of further accommodation was brought up with more energy in the Councils of 1859, and a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of making additions to the existing buildings. No definite action, however, was had, and in succeeding years committees were appointed to consider the same subject. The question of enlarging the old City Hall, or erecting a new one in that or some other locality, was discussed by the City Councils, the newspapers, and the citizens annually, down to the year 1862, when a select committee reported in favor of erecting a new City Hall on the old site. After a warm discussion in the two branches of the City Government this recommendation was adopted, and the orders necessary for carrying it into effect were passed. The building, now nearly finished, the noble front of which gives satisfaction to all who have seen it, is built according to the plans adopted by the committee, and is the work of those eminent Boston architects, G. J. F. BRYANT and ARTHUR GILMAN, and adds another specimen to the numerous memorials of skill and taste with which these gentlemen have adorned the streets of that city. The corner-stone of the new City Hall was laid on the 22d of December, 1862.

The building is erected of fine white granite from the Concord, New Hampshire, quarries. It is three full stories in height, exclusive of the basement story, and exclusive also of the attic or mansard story, finished in the height of the French roof which crowns the whole. The front, toward School Street, is 138 feet in length, having a central projection 51½ feet in length, and projecting 14½ feet from the line of the wings. This centre is somewhat higher than the body of the wings, occupies the whole width of the Mayor and Aldermen's room on the principal floor, and of the Common Council room on the third floor, and is finished above with a handsome dome, surmounted by a balcony and flag-staff. The depth of the building from front to rear is 95 feet in the wings, and 109½ feet in the centre. The construction of brick walls surrounding the large staircase hall in the centre of the building affords opportunity for the most thorough and perfect ventilation of every department. A complete circulation of air throughout the structure can be maintained at all times through a series of brick flues connected with each apartment by registers, and at the top with the main hot-air shaft from the heating apparatus. The whole cost of the building will fall slightly under the sum of $375,000.

THE QUESTION.

"AMEN!" I have cried in battle-time,
When my beautiful heroes perished;
"The earth of the Lord shall bloom sublime,
By the blood of His martyrs nourished."
"Amen!" I have said, when limbs were hewn,
And our wounds were blue and ghastly;
"The flesh of a man may fail and swoon,
But God shall conquer lastly."

And "Amen!" sang I unto the hymn
That rose when our crowned banners
Streamed over the hosts whose eyes were dim,
Because of their hearts' hosannas!
But I swear I will not stab my dead
With a poniard-stroke by giving
"Amen" to the lie that seeks to spread
Its black wrong over the living!

If you shake clean hands with Truth, you shall
See Life's essential meaning;
And through the apocalyptical
Vineyards of Light walk gleaning.
But not in your traffic-mongering marts,
Where you place a market value
On the Christward aching of human hearts—
Hath His angel aught to tell you.

You think that your opaque eyes are one
With the eagle's eyes for vigor;
Yet you stare God's Cause in the face, and shun
That face with a curse for "the Nigger!"
You prate of mercy and—cotton bales—
But I think you are not minded
That Justice, holding the awful scales,
Being blind, is color-blinded.

Can you patch a cloak for our nakedness
From shreds of your contriving?
Will your shoddy endure the strain and stress
Of the looms the Gods are driving?
Behold! the winds of the Lord would tear
Our beggarly rags in sunder;
And leave us shivering, shamed, and bare
To the search of His packed thunder.

Shall we drowse our lives with a new pretense,
Ere our blood is dry in the valleys
That were soaked through for the old offense?
Must we learn anew what hell is?
Do we think that the grapes of God will slip
Out of reach when we are sated?
Or that of His sovran Mastership
One jot will be abated?

From the unsung graves where our comrades died,
In a regnant scorn of dying;
From souls that out of the dark have cried,
Through ages of bitter crying;
From the solemn heavens where all must stand;—
Calling to every spirit,
A Voice runs warning across the land:
O brothers! let us hear it.

RICHARD REALF.

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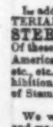

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